

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 13, 1976 ONE DOLLAR

KING OF THE MOUNTAIN AT LAST

Portland's Bill Walton
Gets It All Together

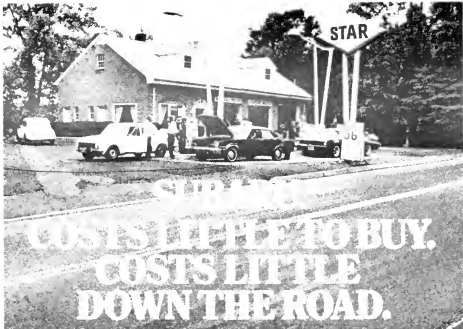


Jingle Bells



What better way to ring in the holidays and express the spirit of friendship than with the gift of rare taste. A Christmas tradition for almost 100 years.

J&B
RARE
SCOTCH



The 1977 Subaru you see costs just \$2,974.* And that price includes features like front wheel drive, steel belted radial tires, power assisted front disc brakes and a lot more.

But what Subaru saves you in the showroom is just the beginning.

On the road, our manual transmission sedans give you 41 highway and 28 city miles to a gallon of regular.**

One of the reasons we're so good with gas is our SEEC-T engine. Unlike most engines today, ours doesn't need a catalytic convertor to meet clean air standards.

What's more, the fact that there's no catalytic convertor means there's no catalytic convertor to replace.

And beyond that, Subaru is built tough. To last.

You see, Subaru saves you money in the showroom. And keeps on saving you money. Even when it's on the road to becoming an old Subaru.



SUBARU
INEXPENSIVE AND BUILT TO STAY THAT WAY.

*Total MSRP - not including dealer prep, delivery and taxes. **These figures are EPA test estimates. Your mileage may vary because of the way you drive, driving conditions, the condition of your car and whatever optional equipment you have. Wheel trim rings, lower body rally stripes, as shown in photo, are extra cost options.

The key, of course, was 110 film.

Which had gotten to the stage where color slides and enlargements were comparable to 35mm.

Except for its cameras.

Some of which were more advanced than others.

But all of which were limited.

And most of which were toys.

This single lens reflex eliminates the limitations.

It's 5.3 inches wide, 4.3 inches deep.

And only 2.1 inches high.

It weighs just 15.1 ounces.

The lens is a zoom.

Which goes from 25 to 50mm.

From normal to 2X telephoto.

It's like being able to choose from more than 25 focal lengths.

Except that they're all on the camera, not in a camera bag.

The lens is also a "macro"

Just turn the collar on the zoom and you can focus as close as 11.3 inches from your subject.

Automatic electronic exposure system.

You set the lens and the shutter sets itself automatically.

For anything from time exposures at 10 seconds to a fast 1/1000th.

The shutter is metal (not cloth). And "stepless," so that it gives you the exact shutter speed you need, not a compromise.

You can override the auto-exposure system if you like, for special effects or more control in unusual lighting.

You view and focus through the lens.

What you see is what you get on film. The microprism center spot keeps the image "fractured" until it's razor-sharp. And focusing is always with the lens wide open for maximum brightness.

Light emitting diodes in the finder tell you when not to shoot.

And when to.

One tells you your batteries are O.K.

(If they're not, the finder blacks out.)

Another, that the light's not enough or too much.

Another, if the shutter's on B (bulb) or X (electronic flash) instead of A (automatic).

Some other interesting advances.

The camera has a hot shoe for electronic flash at 1/150th of a second. That means there's less chance you'll get "ghost images" in action shots.

Safeguards: the shutter release locks. The shutter selector dial's locked until you unlock it. All to keep you from taking a picture you don't want to take.

Instant loading, of course. 4 supports hold the drop-in 110 cartridge rigidly for maximum sharpness. And the exposure system sets itself automatically for the right film speed.

The one-pounder vs. the two-pounder.

No contest.

For literature, see your dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Angiophoto, Ltd., P.Q.

**We've created a
15-ounce single
lens reflex camera
that can do what you
usually do with a big
two-pounder.**



Minolta 110 Zoom SLR

There's never been a camera like it.

What's holding you back?



An AC-Delco tune-up may be all you need to get going again.

Does your car get surly when you want it to start? Has an annoying sputter crept into your life? Does it seem like all your driving is uphill, even when you're on the level? And — worst of all — is your car starting to hog more than its share of gasoline?

It can help restore performance... and economy.

Then it's probably past time for an AC-Delco tune-up.

Chances are there's a place right in your neighbor-

hood with the AC-Delco solutions to help with your problems. What's more, AC-Delco makes expert training and top-notch equipment available to your retail service dealer.

AC-Delco supplies tune-up parts for almost every car you see on the road today. From AC Fire-Ring Spark Plugs to Delco Remy Ignition Parts, AC-Delco offers General Motors quality in a full line. When it's tune-up time, have spark plugs, points, PCV valve, air and gasoline filters checked. If replacement is needed, demand AC-Delco quality parts.

So don't hold back. And don't monkey around with bad performance and poor economy. Tune up with AC-Delco.

**Ask for an
AC-Delco
tune-up.**



**Go
with the names
you know.**



AC-DELCO DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

The ColorTrak System. Could it be the best 25" color TV ever made?

(DIAGONAL)

Over three years ago, RCA set about designing a new generation in color television.

The result was ColorTrak, a remarkable television system that actually grabs the color signal, aligns it, defines it, sharpens it, tones it, and locks the color on track.

Here's how it all works.

Automatic Color Control works to keep colors consistent.

Color variations can occur when the program changes, when a commercial comes on, and when you switch channels.



But ColorTrak's Automatic Color Control constantly monitors the color and actually adjusts it for you when changes occur. So you get a consistent, quality picture.

A light sensor adjusts for changes in room light to keep your picture beautiful.

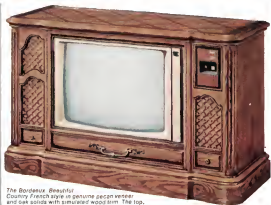
ColorTrak's picture automatically brightens in a well-lit room, darkens in dim light; so you always get a rich, detailed picture.

A tinted-phosphor picture tube gives less reflection and a rich, vivid picture.

ColorTrak takes our light-absorbing black-matrix picture tube a step further by using specially tinted phosphors on the tube surface. The tinted phosphors absorb even more room light, so you get colors that appear more vivid and lifelike.

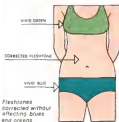
A Dynamic Fleshtone Correction System produces rich, natural fleshtones right next to brilliant greens and blues.

Correcting varying fleshtones without affecting other colors has been a problem in color television technology. ColorTrak's Dynamic Fleshtone



The Bordeaux. Beautiful Country French style in genuine pecan veneer and oak solids with simulated wood grain. The top, a laminated composition in a hand-carved diamond pattern.

tone Correction System handles this problem, bringing varying fleshtones into the natural range while mini-



mizing the effect on other colors. So you see natural fleshtones and natural background colors.

The highest quality, most reliable set RCA has ever produced.

The ColorTrak system is a finely balanced system of features that work together to give you the kind of picture performance you'd expect from the people who pioneered color TV.

And because we want you to enjoy that beautiful ColorTrak picture for years to come, we've made ColorTrak the set most tested for reliability that RCA has ever produced.

The ColorTrak system is not inexpensive. But when you consider the years of pleasure it will provide, we think you'll agree it is well worth the price.

Don't purchase any other set until you see ColorTrak. And judge it for yourself.

RCA ColorTrak

RCA is making television better and better.

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If you fought in it, lived through it—or just wonder

NOW EXPLORE THE MOST COMPREHENSIVE STORY OF

WORLD



It was the most complex and far-flung conflict mankind has ever known. Its devastation spread across Europe to the Crimea and the Caucasus... to Rangoon and Mandalay... to the deserts of Africa and the beaches of the South Pacific. And ultimately, even to our own shores, where Americans were suddenly united to meet the aggressors' challenge.

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Yes, I would like to examine *Prelude to War*. Please send it to me for 10 days, free examination—and enter my subscription to the WORLD WAR II series. If I decide to keep *Prelude to War*, I will pay \$7.95 plus shipping and handling. I will then receive future volumes in the WORLD WAR II series, shipped a volume at a time approximately every other month. Each is \$7.95 plus shipping and handling and comes on a 10-day free-examination basis. There is no minimum number of books that I must buy and I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you. If I do not choose to keep *Prelude to War*, I will return the book within 10 days; my subscription for future volumes will be canceled and I will not be under any further obligation. CGAAA2

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You will understand why it all happened as it did.

Then, in *Blitzkrieg*—another volume in this extraordinary series—you will speed across the plains of Poland with German tanks and watch an awesome new tactic of warfare bring a nation to its knees in just 17 days. You will see Denmark, Norway, Holland and Belgium fall, witness the miracle of Dunkirk, stand at the Ardennes as the shriek of dive bombers heralds the collapse of France.

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OVER 4,000 WAR PHOTOS

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Relive the War years through historic, front-line battle photographs... behind-the-scenes insights... declassified military documents... unforgettable eyewitness accounts... authoritative explanations of tactics and technology.



what it was really like...

WAR II

NEW
FROM **TIME
LIFE**
BOOKS



A Japanese kamikaze plane thunders toward the deck of the new U.S. carrier Hornet in 1945. It missed, as did an attack that struck the ship during 52 days of action.



In the last days of the Battle of France, two German engineers use a flame thrower to mop up Maginot Line defenders.



Among the volumes:

Each magnificent library volume averages 200 pages with nearly 200 illustrations, many in full color. Full pictorial hard-cover binding, actual size 9 5/8" x 11 5/8".



A ground crew loads a 550-pound bomb into a shark-faced Stuka dive bomber, one of the Luftwaffe's most devastating planes.

BOOKTALK

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

A FLURRY OF GIFT BOOKS TO SNOW YOU UNDER DURING THIS HOLIDAY SEASON

As predictable as the swallows showing up at Capistrano and the newspaper boy at your door when you don't have the money, the Great Holiday Sports Book Blizzard of 1976 has arrived on schedule.

A reader could easily be covered up by this literary snowfall. But, happily, a blizzard also carries with it some pluses—mainly a certain camaraderie in dealing with adversity. So be it with the Great Book Blizzard, with the winners deserving of new and comfortable lives on coffee tables and book shelves.

The quantity and quality this season is mostly on the side of outdoor books—birds, fish, land, nature, adventure. Nothing notable on baseball and basketball rears its jacket, although 200 Years of Sport in America touches on these games and a lot more and gets high marks for its reach.

Out of the avalanche, 20 books emerge as worthy gift candidates. If there is not a volume here that would bring yelps of delight from people on your list, there's something wrong with the people.

- Pick of the litter is a thoroughly exquisite work, *The Swamp* (Norton, \$19.95). If ever something needed celebrating, it is these lowly, spooky places alive with creepy crawly things. As author-photographer Bill Thomas says, "I guess people have always associated swamps with mosquitoes, water moccasins, rattlesnakes and swamp monsters. Swamps have a beauty that's generally overlooked." Which may be why a half dozen publishers turned down Thomas' idea.

Thomas' photography is gorgeous and haunting. A shot of Okefenokee and its reflections is a classic, ditto a sunset over the East Glades. There are perhaps 20,000 swamps in this country, estimates Thomas, who lives next to one in Nashville, Ind., and the time has come to realize that swamps need love, too, that they should be something more than the province of unscrupulous subdividers or sites for airports. Thomas shows us why, compellingly.

- For thousands of John Steinbeck devotees, *Steinbeck Country* (American West, \$18.50) by Steve Crouch will produce a holiday glow. In photos and words, it portrays the area in California that was the setting for much of Steinbeck's work. There's a lovely picture of the Salinas River, which is not a notable river, but of which Steinbeck wrote, "You can

boast about anything if it's all you have." The book's glories are its color photography and gentle text, but it also distinguishes itself in the often more difficult area of black and white pictures.

- *200 Years of Sport in America* (McGraw-Hill, \$24.95) by Wells Twombly makes no claim of being definitive. Good. Definitive usually means dull. Not so this volume. It's a warm, smooth and sometimes irreverent look at sport by a man who loves the game but doesn't swallow the malarkey. Rather, he reveals it.

- In *The Adventurer's Guide* (McKay, \$9.95) by Jack Wheeler, the author pleads for people to aspire to live above the crowd, to enjoy the climb and forget about the top. Wheeler has scaled mountains and lived with headhunters and jumped off cliffs. He wants us to come and do likewise. Says Wheeler, "I want you to be a hero to yourself."

- Three books offer views of what it's like to really live with nature. *A Home in the Wilds* (Tafelberg, \$9.95) by Kathrene Pinkerton was first published in 1939. Repackaged, it's the wonderful tale of a city girl and her newspapering husband who quit to live in the Canadian bush. Sigurd F. Olson's *Reflections from the North Country* (Knopf, \$7.95) is a hefty volume in which the author epitomizes the lure of the outdoors by quoting a friend, camped out in a gale with only one poncho for two people: "I've been happier but I can't remember when." Hal Borland's *Book of Days* (Knopf, \$10) ponders all sorts of things wild and beautiful, including skunk cabbage, anemones, yellow jacks and opossums. It's a diary, set down with style and class.

- *The World of Ernest Thompson Seton* (Knopf, \$25), edited by John G. Samson, displays the paintings, drawings and words of Seton and his romanticized view of nature. Seton, a perfectionist, was much concerned with illustrating exact numbers of feathers, but nonetheless he wound up with an impressionistic rendition.

- This is a good year for birds. Best of all is the ambitious and authoritative *The Audubon Society Book of Wild Birds* (Abrams, \$35) by Les Line and Franklin Russell. To say it is remarkable is to damn it with faint praise. Even for many of us who have little more knowledge of birds than crows, gulls and pigeons and have certainly never cared whether the South American upland goose ever ventures below 1,000 feet (only rarely), this book of birds photographed in natural habitat is joy squared. More scholarly but less a visual delight (no photos although the il-

lustrations by Ad Cameron are excellent) is *Birds—Their Life, Their Ways, Their World* (Abrams, \$18.50) by Christopher Peens. For those who want to watch birds and even want to play a vacation around the endeavor, there's *Roger Tory Peterson's Dozen Birding Hot Spots* (Simon and Schuster, \$9.95) by George Harrison. Another superior work is *The Bird Decoy* (The University of Nebraska Press, \$17.95), edited by Paul A. Johnsgard. Ironic, isn't it, that this fully American creation involves deceit?

- Fish are much in the swim again in 1976. *The Lore of Sportfishing* (Crown, \$29.95) by Tre Tryckare and E. Cagner is technical, encyclopedic and beautiful, telling not only of hundreds of fish but of everything related to fishing, including hooks, lines and electronic sounders. *The Fresh & Salt Water Fishes of the World* (Knopf, \$25) by Edward C. Mudge and George S. Fichter, with illustrations by Norman Weaver, is similarly striking, although it deals almost entirely with the fish themselves. Both books are exceptionally handsome. And while there may already be more books on fly tying than the subject deserves in the scope of human events, *The Essential Fly Tye* (Prentice-Hall, \$12.95) by J. Edson Leonard is a splendid example of the genre in is. *The Fly Tye's Almanac* (Crown, \$12.95), edited by Robert H. Boyle and Dave Whitlock, which is an authoritative and handsome compendium of the latest advances and developments in this exacting art form.

- Any auto race fan will cheer at *Great Auto Races* (Abrams, \$45) by Peter Helek, which details the sport since the invention of the car, when people foolishly said it would scare horses, kill people and pollute the air.

- The second edition of *The Complete Book of Boating* (Prentice-Hall, \$14.95) by Ernest A. Zogby is a winner as a reference work and each section certainly starts with the basics: "A cruiser is a boat in which you are able to cruise."

- And *The Pro Style* (Prentice-Hall, \$17.95) by Tom Bennett is perfect for the football fan who craves to know the latest on stats, slants, stunts and misdirection.

- Now the ultimate snob gift: The two-volume *Encyclopedia of Sport* (republished by Gale Research of Detroit) which encompasses 1,287 pages and brings you up to the moment in sport—as of 1897. It costs \$85 and only 300 sets are available. The ordinary-looking books include info on the aardvark, agouti, and on through badger hunting, gazelle stalking, tent pegging and whipper racing. Happy blizzard!

END

COME RIDE THE WIND, THE FURY.

There's a new car that moves as free as the wind. It's called the Fury. The new Plymouth Fury. The Fury is excitement. As fresh and different as America today. Fury glides through curves and up steep climbs. Like the wind.

A new optional Electronic Lean Burn Engine* gives Fury an even greater will to run smooth and free.

The Fury is roomy. Inside it's like the wide open spaces. The Fury is affordable, too. With a base sticker price that makes it a breeze to own.

Come ride the wind. Ride the Fury.



THE NEW PLYMOUTH FURY

*Not available in California and other states.

Christmas

is a moving experience.



Capture the joy with a Kodak XL movie camera. (without movie lights)

Just drop in a film cartridge, aim and shoot. It's that easy—indoors or out, without movie lights. And to make things even easier, Kodak XL movie cameras have a unique binocular shape designed to help you hold the camera steady for clear, sharp movies.

You can choose from five models starting at less than \$100. Model 340 shown, with zoom lens and coupled sports-type viewfinder, less than \$208. See your photo dealer now.

This is one Christmas gift that keeps on giving as your family keeps on growing.

Prices are subject to change without notice.



Footloose

by GREGORY JAYNES

**A BOY, A PONY AND GOOD NEIGHBORS
ALL ADDED UP TO A MOVING CHRISTMAS**

The first one we looked at was out back of a sawmill, a little old Albino Shetland with splayed legs and a gut like a dying ewe. Even at \$15, it would have been a sorry present for a boy expecting a stallion. Son of Fury or nothing. We passed on the faded Shetland and stepped up the search.

There were a lot of pony inspections in those days. We would get in the car and drive 30 miles, expectant and happy, always to find what looked like a big, mungy, barely breathing dog. "My kids sure had a good time with him," owner after owner would tell me and "Course, the kids're all growned up now."

Our best bet, we ultimately were told, would be the livestock auction in Gainesville, 20 miles from our town. My wife met an old man there whose face, she said, could have outlived a dozen bodies. He told her, "Pistol got a pony for sale." The man's full name was Pistol Gaydon. He was tall, rough, grizzled and a marksman at tobacco spitting. My wife made the trip to Pistol's farm and she called to say she had the perfect find, a sturdy Welsh gelding for \$25. "He is beautiful," she said.

She fetched him home with the help of a friend and tied him to the porch of a neighbor's house a mile down the road. It was still seven days before it was time to give the boy his pony. Each morning for four days my wife went down and fed him hay, sweet feed and water.

On the fifth day she found that he had chewed through his rope and was loose. She had to search for half an hour before finding him. He was trying to nose into a chicken house. She called me and said she would be coming back down the road with the pony, and I quickly got the boy interested in shooting his slingshot deep in the woods. Meanwhile, she bridled the pony and led him past the house and up to Mac's place. Mac is a large man with a great belly who lives over the ridge back of us. He is my friend. She left him inside Mac's fence for the night. We would have to continue the subterfuge only one more day, then we could unveil the gift. The telephone rang shortly after daylight the next morning. "Hey," Mac said, "has your horse been eating green grass?"

"No," I said. "Not that I know of."

"Has he had anything he's not used to?"

"He might have gotten some chicken feed yesterday," I said.

"You better come quick," Mac shouted into the phone.

My neighbor had gotten up at 6 a.m. and

© 1978 by Gregory Jaynes

Christmas

is a moving experience.

looked out the window to check on the pony. The pony had been down, rolling on his back, and he had worked himself halfway under the bed of Mac's truck. There was a hard frost on the ground but Mac rushed out in his undershorts and got the pony on its feet. He was leading the pony round and round his house when I got there. Mac was blue-lipped and hawfroted.

We figured the pony had the colic. He was in awful pain. He would sink to his knees, crash on his side and thrash about, hooves flaying every whichway. In this situation, you must keep walking him until his system has gotten rid of whatever upset him. We knew that much. But our combined strength could only keep him up for short stretches. I called the veterinarian.

He would come straightaway, the vet said, but he was 25 miles away and, while we waited, we had to keep the pony walking. So we pulled and pushed and heaved the pony, and Mac and I fell down a lot. It was nearly an hour before the vet arrived and he got out of his truck yelling, "Get him up! Get him up!" though we no longer had any strength.

The vet gave the pony a shot of morphine. Then he pulled out a device called a Hot Shot, which looks like a flashlight with two prongs on the end. Its two batteries send a charge through the prongs and, when he touched the

From "Sketches From a Dori Road" to be published in April, Doubleday & Co., Inc.

pony's forehead with the Hot Shot, the pony bolted to his feet. The vet pumped a gallon of mineral oil down the pony's nose, to flush his system. Then he gave him two more shots. He told me to walk the pony for at least four more hours. He said to call him if I had any questions and he left me with a vial of morphine, a syringe and the Hot Shot.

I dragged the pony round the house giving him morphine shots at intervals. About 2 p.m. the pony collapsed, and I could not get him up, not even with the Hot Shot. I sat at his nose for an hour, thinking he would get up, but he did not. The boy never saw him.

Mac called later that night. He had found another pony and was bringing him home, with saddle and bridle. When I went up to see him in the dark, Mac's mother-in-law, an old lady everyone calls Granny, took me aside to whisper to me. "Don't offer to pay Mac back for the pony," she said. "We all felt terrible about the other one dying. All of us chopped in and bought it."

We gave it to the boy the next day. It was brown and white, with markings similar to a Poland China pig. It was smaller than the first one. The boy swung into the saddle and the pony immediately reared twice, delighting the rider. The boy said it was the best Christmas he could recall.

END



Enjoy the good times again and again with a Kodak MovieDeck projector.

What a convenient way to show your family Christmas movies. The Kodak MovieDeck projector has many easy-to-use features. Like automatic threading, automatic rewind except on Model 425, instant rewind, and the capability to show both super 8 and 8 mm movies.

Models 445, 465, and 475 feature a special pull-out viewing screen that gives you the option of showing your movies without setting up a big screen or turning off the room lights. Model 455, with 22 mm/f.1.5 lens (shown), less than \$220. Other models from less than \$120. See your photo dealer now.

This is one Christmas gift that keeps on giving as your family keeps on growing.

Prices are subject to change without notice.



GET PROMISED AT AN EXTRA COST. SEAGRAM BOTTLES ARE 100% PURE MALT POTATO.



Give him a hint.

Make sure he knows you want Seagram's 7 Crown. For 30 years, it's been America's favorite whiskey. And for 30 Christmases, America's favorite gift.

**Say Seagram's
and Be Sure.**



SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREMER

MAMA KNOWS BEST

More battle news from the tennis front Jimmy Connors, the one-man war, withdrew from last week's \$150,000 Grand Prix Masters in Houston to play in the \$320,000 Challenge Cup in Las Vegas. This angered the Masters people, who felt that World Championship Tennis, which puts on the Challenge Cup, should not have scheduled their event in conflict with the Masters and, in any case, should not have lured Connors away. WCT said it was Connors' choice, that Jimmy could have played in Houston if he wanted. "He decided to come here," the WCT's George Pharr said blandly.

Connors' decision to play in Las Vegas not only disturbed those responsible for the Masters, it rankled U.S. Davis Cup officials, too. Connors said he would be unable to take part in cup play against Mexico next week because of injuries—reportedly a bad back and sprained ankles—but after that news was made public Jimmy, injuries and all, went off to play in Las Vegas the best Vitas Gerulaitis, won \$50,000 and upped his 1976 winnings to \$657,335.

Connors' mother Gloria declared that passing up the Davis Cup was her idea. "I must decide what's best for Jimmy in this situation," she said. "He's got to be at on the decision is not his." Right, Jim? Right, Mom.

More cheerful news comes from the women's side of the net. When *World Tennis* magazine released its annual international women's rankings, with Chris Evert on top for the third straight year, it noted that Chris is only 21, the fifth-, sixth-, seventh- and eighth-ranked are only 20 and the 10th is 21. Thus, despite Evert's domination, the future of women's competition seems bright.

As though to endorse this, an announcement from London reports that the prospect of the women boycotting Wimbledon next year unless they receive parity in prize money with the men, as they threatened last summer, has been averted. Under a new agreement, prize

money for women's singles will be 90% of that for men's singles, which may not be exact parity but apparently is close enough.

ROZELLE TRIUMPHANT

The NFL owners' decision to show their support of Commissioner Pete Rozelle by renegotiating his contract was a direct reaction to earlier grumblings against Rozelle (SCORECARD, Nov. 1), the most pointed coming from Carroll Rosenbloom, the outspoken owner of the Los Angeles Rams. On TV last Saturday between halves of the Rams' division-clinching rout of the Atlanta Falcons, Rosenbloom beamed affability, saying the hatchet had been buried. What seems closer to the facts is that Rosenbloom and Al Davis of the Oakland Raiders were sharply repudiated by their fellow owners for their incessant carping at the commissioner. Leonard Tose, who owns the Philadelphia Eagles, said the overwhelming vote in support of Rozelle indicated that the owners were in strong agreement that "in these times there can be no question about the authority of the commissioner in anything relating to football."

ALOHA, YOU ALL

When Lamar University's basketball team plays Hawaii in Honolulu next week, there'll be one spectator in attendance who can thank Coach Billy Tubbs for the trip from Beaumont, Texas.

Tubbs had decided to promote attendance at Lamar's home games by staging a basket-shooting contest at halftime during the Cardinals' home opener. If a fan chosen by lot from the crowd could hit a shot from midcourt, he would win a free trip to Hawaii. Naturally, Tubbs was not too worried about his chances of actually having to spring for the trip.

At the game three program numbers were drawn. The selectees shot from the free-throw line first, with the winner there getting the chance for the big shot from midcourt. After eliminating his ri-

vals at the foul line, premedial student Dale McCall stepped to midcourt and on his first try swished the ball through the basket. He explained later that when he was a high school senior he used to practice that midcourt shot and got so he was making it 60% of the time. "I'm loaded down with studying," he said happily about his prize, "but I wouldn't miss this trip." A glum Tubbs muttered to himself, "You've just lost \$500, you dummy." But, Billy, think of the publicity.

AND WHEN WE YELL

There are summer camps for football, baseball, basketball, golf, tennis, soccer—just about every sport. And if you don't feel like being in a sport but would rather just cheer for one, there are camps for cheerleading, too. There is even a National Cheerleaders Association, based in Dallas, which supervises yell camps in 46 states and Canada, as well as a couple of places in Europe.

The campers, about 90% of them girls, pay from \$50 to \$75 a week for room, board and five days of instruction in cheering and chanting and otherwise fir-



ing crowds to a fever pitch. The NCA says the camps, most of them on university campuses, handle about 100,000 students each year and generate revenues of about \$7 million. California is a particular rah-rah hotbed, with clinics scattered each summer from Chico in the north to San Diego in the south.

We wonder if football coaches, with their fanatic insistence on paying attention to every detail relating to their sport,

continued

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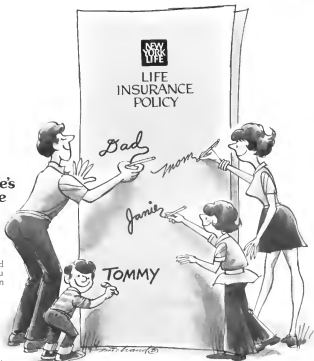
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GOOD SHOW

Exceptionally foul weather—snow, fog, sleet and rain—knocked 30 games out of Great Britain's soccer schedule last weekend, creating the possibility of turmoil in the nationwide football pools to which the British are addicted.

Was there an uproar? No. This sort of thing has happened before, and a very civilized sort of plan was ready for just such a contingency. The Marquis of Bath convened a panel consisting of himself, a former referee and several former soccer stars. They all sat down in a BBC studio and decided among themselves how the canceled games would have come out if they had been played. On their conclusions the multimillion-dollar payouts on the pools were made, with hardly a murmur anywhere. If it is true that there will always be an England, this is one of the reasons why.

DID FOR DEAR OLD RUTGERS

Undefeated Rutgers' claim to national recognition as one of the nation's top college football teams (SI, Dec. 6) cooled a little when it was discovered that a devastating miscell by an official helped the Scarlet Knights to their squeaky 17-9 win over tough little Colgate. In the third period Rutgers, trailing 6-3, had to punt from its 46. The snap from center sailed over the head of Kicker Joe Moss, and Colgate's Pat Horan, chasing after Moss, shoved him aside and fell on the ball at the Rutgers 16.

Colgate's high over the break deflated rapidly: there was a flag on the play. Clipping call against Horan. "I saw the kicker get belted," veteran official John Goldsmith explained. "Pushing or shoving from behind is a clip under normal circumstances." The ball was returned to the line of scrimmage—the procedure on a loose ball before the exchange of a ball—and a 15-yard penalty stepped off against Colgate. Instead of the Red Raiders having a first down on the Rutgers 16, Rutgers had a first down on the Colgate 31. Whatever momentum Colgate had was gone. So, in time, was the game.

But Goldsmith, as he freely admitted later, was wrong. "I blew it," he said. "I

regret the call." The rules say a player attempting to recover a loose ball can push an opponent out of the way without incurring a clipping penalty. After reviewing films of the game Art Hyland, supervisor of Eastern College Athletic Conference officials, said, "He called a clip when it was not possible to have a clip. In retrospect, I would have hoped the other officials would have overruled the call."

Fred Gruninger, Rutgers' athletic director, reacted peevishly to Hyland's comment. "The supervisor of officials shouldn't be saying that," he declared. "I'm going to make a strong complaint. He'll have to review the entire game to see if there weren't other mistakes."

As for Colgate Coach Fred Dunlap, he said he was glad Horan, who had been called the goat of the game, was off the hook. He also said, "I have no ill feelings toward Rutgers. It wasn't their fault. It was a wonderful game between two fine teams."

Goldsmith said, "I have a lot of respect for Dunlap and his assistants. They didn't get on my back the rest of the game, as many teams do. In fact, I'd like nothing better than to work the Colgate-Rutgers game next year."

SOME CHANGES MADE

The Oakland A's lost more good players through the free-agent draft (page 28) than any other team. As of the moment, next year's Oakland lineup looks like this:

First Base: Ron Fairly
Second Base: Phil Garner
Shortstop: Rob Piccolo
Third Base: Tom Sandt
Left Field: Denny Walling
Center Field: Bill North
Right Field: Claudell Washington
Catcher: Jeff Newman

Vida Blue may be around to pitch, and Manny Sanguillen could be a dangerous designated hitter, but what a comedown from the team of stars that won world championships in 1972, 1973 and 1974.

TANGENTINE SHAKE

Four years ago officials decided to expand the 17,000-seat Tangerine Bowl in Orlando, Fla., where Oklahoma State is scheduled to play Brigham Young on Dec. 17, and turn it into a big-league 51,000-seat stadium. Construction was delayed for two years by court wrangles that ended at just about the time the stadium's only steady tenant, the Florida

Blaizers of the World Football League, went into bankruptcy and folded. Despite that and despite building costs that were far higher than original estimates, work began. But when the expansion was completed in September 1975, alarming bends were found in some of the supporting steelwork (SCORECARD, Oct. 20, 1975) and the bowl remained closed another year for further repairs.

Two weeks ago, the reopened T-Bowl had its first big game: Florida vs. Miami. More than 40,000 were on hand, including Ed Weiss of Apopka, Fla. and his son Robert, who were in the upper deck on the stadium's east side.

"When the national anthem was played we all rose, moving forward to stand," Weiss says. "The stadium moved forward with us. It was amazing. People looked at one another to see what was happening. A few, maybe 30 or 40, moved toward the exits as soon as the anthem was over." Patricia Dowling, a schoolteacher who was one of those who left, says, "It was frightening."

Weiss and his son remained. They thought of moving to seats elsewhere in the stadium but, feeling that a rush to the exits could lead to a stampede, decided it would be better to sit down and stay. "But I'll tell you this," Weiss says. "We really didn't jump up and down much after that."

Stress tests were made after the game and officials reported that nothing was structurally wrong. Orlando Director of Public Safety Howard McClain says, "The movement in the stands is normal. Engineers expected it. People were just overreacting to publicity the stadium has received in the past."

THEY SAID IT

- Bill Bittle, forced out as head football coach at Tennessee: "Class is, when they run you out of town, to look like you're leading the parade."
- Adrian Buonocristiani, head basketball coach at Gonzaga University, a Jesuit school in Spokane: "Like all coaches at the beginning of the season, I'm optimistic. And righteously so."
- Jack Faulkner, Los Angeles Rams assistant coach, on the placekicking Mike-Mayer brothers, Steve of the 49ers and Nick of the Falcons, who between them in the same game missed two easy field goals and an extra point and had a third field-goal attempt blocked: "I'm just glad they aren't a trapeze act."



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HEALTHY, WEALTHY AND SIZE

That's Bill Walton, who—knock on a Douglas fir—is free of injuries at last and is one big reason that the Trail Blazers are in first

by Curry Kirkpatrick



It is not merely that Bill Walton has had three haircuts and at least that many showers in the past few months. Nor that he has sworn off rutabaga omelets, lumberjack ensembles and incendiary manifestos in support of the Siamese Refrigeration Army. What has caused such a stir in the ranks of professional basketball is the fact that out there in the beautiful Pacific Northwest of clean air, pine needles and sometimes a great notion, Bill Walton has emerged as the best all-round basketball player in the world.

As the Portland Trail Blazers rushed to the Pacific Division lead with a 15-6 record last week, Walton was largely responsible for his team's 13th straight victory at home—112-108 over Milwaukee on Saturday night—and for the Blazers stealing a couple of victories on the road. The 6' 11", 225-pound mountain man was averaging more than 21 points a game while leading the NBA in rebounding (16.4), blocked shots (3.19) and growing up.

This last is no trivial accomplishment. Indeed, it is phenomenal to those who, for Walton's injury-plagued first two pro seasons, thought of him as some doped-up, whacked-out, weirdo, Commie-loving, acid freak hippie with lice in his hair and Patty Hearst's phone number in his datebook.

It seems only yesterday that Walton was wearing a ponytail, burning incense in airport terminals, answering questions from the FBI, and leaving himself open to charges of faking every sort of illness this side of schistosomiasis. But it was not just yesterday, it was two long years ago. And as for his basketball, which is all that should have mattered anyway, it must be understood that before this season

(continued)

Under new Coach Jack Ramsay, who arrived from Buffalo, Walton is leading the NBA in rebounding



Walton was never 100% physically sound. Never.

Ever since he began this season by not only devastating all competition but also actually looking joyful again—the way he did while winning two national championships at UCLA—the Portland center has been subjected to various and sundry psychological investigations intended to explain “the new Bill Walton.” But aside from shearing his fiery orange locks and abandoning his exotic wardrobe of woodchopper getups, Walton says he has not changed. He harks in the same counterculture life-style, has the same friends, believes in the same political theories, eats the same cucumbers. What’s so different?

“I’m just healthy,” Walton said last week while wearing a lavender Grateful Dead T shirt. “That’s all. For two years I wasn’t able to run up and down the court freely without making a conscious effort out of it. Without thinking about it. That’s no way to play basketball. I love this game. I always have. And I always knew how good I was. It’s just that when you’re going up against guys you know you can take anytime, but you can’t because of a bad ankle or too much weight or a broken hand or some-

thing else, it is too discouraging. And not any fun.”

Not any fun. Another carrottopped basketball player quit the game the other day because it was no longer any fun. And of course in his mind Bill Walton must have quit, too, that first year when the hurts—bone spurs, “brain spurs,” whatever—piled up, the pressure and slanders crashed down and the rains came to Portland, leaving one of nature’s true sun kids in a blue funk. Walton, at 22, could not be expected to cope with something like that the way a Dave Cowens, at 28, could and did.

In retrospect, Walton’s troubled NBA beginnings were preordained when he chose to play for an expansion team wracked by conflicting personalities. Probably the UCLA graduate was a bit overrated as an instant dominating NBA center, if only because that kind of rare player—Russell, the defender; Chamberlain, the overpowering giant; Abdul-Jabbar, the offensive genius—were specialists, while Walton simply did everything well, but nothing well enough to turn a bad team around by himself. And Portland was a very bad team.

In addition, Walton bitterly resented being thought of as the pro game’s first

“great white hope” dominator. So he wandered through 35 games during his rookie season and 51 last year while the resident Trail Blazer stars, Sidney Wicks and Geoff Petrie, continued sniping at each other as well as undermining management and criticizing their young pivotman’s social behavior.

“Lack of harmony keeps a team from ever really developing,” says Larry Steele, one of two Blazers left from pre-Walton days. “and there was never the basic respect for one another here. I think Bill, who always enjoyed basketball only within a team concept, was overwhelmed by the atmosphere.”

It is little wonder that when Dr. Jack Ramsay came from Buffalo to coach Portland this year, he cleaned house. Petrie was traded, Wicks sold. The new boss said he was “a Walton man” and, with General Manager Stu Inman, Ramsay went out and got quick, smart players, men of good will and character who could surround and complement a hale and hearty Walton as well as run circle routes, Z-outs and fly patterns and haul in his outlet passes.

Walton used to loaf up the court in Portland’s setup style, but he was always, as the song goes, born to run—and Ramsay ordered it. To date, the Trail Blazers have scored 45 points in a single quarter against Atlanta (after which Hawk Coach Hubie Brown pointed to the scoreboard and screamed in his troops, “Look up there. You know what that means? That means 180 damn points at the end!”). They have scored 145 points against Indiana, 146 against Philadelphia. They lead the NBA in scoring average. “If I wanted to give a clinic on how to run the break, I could show our home-game films,” says Ramsay. With a pressing, shot-rejecting defense at the other end of the floor, they also are sixth in league defense.

Portland’s fast start can be attributed to its favorable early-season schedule at home, where the team has drawn a succession of sellouts or near-sellouts. Still, the Blazers’ success seems fairly remarkable, in that seven members of the 12-man group are brand new this year and only Maurice Lucas ever played on a winner in the pros.

“What the coach has done is treat everybody the same,” says one Blazer. “He is consistent in dealing with each individual. He’s concerned with team attitudes, not just the stars’. Bill never got

Twandril came from Virginia of the ABA



Lucas was an enforcer for the Colonels



that equal treatment, not even at UCLA. He loves that here."

Walton has found some real soul partners, too. Lucas, the fearsome ABA enforcer, is another vegetarian, in addition to being one of the most complete power forwards in the league: at times Walton appears stunned when, high over the backboard, he glances across the rim to witness Lucas ripping another rebound asunder and scattering the bodies below him. "Bill's a gorilla until the fight starts. Then he goes in hiding while I straighten things out," Lucas says.

"I think most of Luke's friends are in homes," says Walton.

Two other Blazer starters would make any basic trivia exam. Bob Gross? Dave Twardzik? The 6'6" Gross is a deceptively talented second-year man out of Long Beach who shares Walton's devotion to ultraviolet rays whenever the schedule sets the Blazers down in a warm climate. And the 6'11" Twardzik is an ABA veteran from Virginia who made a reputation for himself by hitting the floor more often than Floyd Patterson while taking charging fouls and diving for loose balls. He is Walton's partner on four-wheel Jeep forays.

The duties of Gross and Twardzik mainly consist of harassing enemy dribblers until the ball goes up. At which point it is as if somebody fires off a pistol for the 100-yard dash. Woosh! With Guard Lionel Hollins, another burner, they are out of the blocks and filling the lanes as Walton and Lucas climb the boards, retrieve the ball, then hurl it downcourt.

Until last week Portland had been unable to get this scorching fast break cranked up on the road. In the process of adapting to one another, the backcourt—rookie Johnny Davis and veteran Herm Gilliam spell Twardzik and Hollins—had been inconsistent and error-prone. Hollins alone threw away at least five fast-break opportunities in an embarrassing 115-106 defeat at Milwaukee on Tuesday.

The next evening at Indianapolis, the Blazers scored the first 12 points of the game. Then, after leading the Pacers 64-50 at halftime, Portland suddenly stopped running, scored only 15 points in the third quarter and had to struggle to save a 101-100 victory.

Though it was their first road triumph, the Blazers' inability to sustain pose away from home had not been cured.

That didn't happen until they got to Phoenix last Friday night.

As a collegian Walton usually demonstrated that he was ready for a big game by dancing on the sidelines, glaring across the court, wrapping his lips over his teeth and blowing out great gusts of air from puffed-up cheeks. In those fine moments he hid the appearance of some raging Neanderthal man preparing for death, and it was always a scary sight. In Phoenix, Walton was puffing his cheeks again.

Against the physical Suns, Walton and Lucas dominated the inside, sharing 44 points and 32 rebounds. Twice Portland led by 20 points, and when Phoenix cut the margin to 82-75 early in the fourth quarter, Walton simply took over. He banked in turn-around jumpers, spun for sky jams and either hurtled over or banged everybody into the dust for rebounds. He scored 11 points in a little more than seven minutes, and Portland won 113-99.

"The guy just keeps storming at you," said Phoenix Center Alvan Adams, shaking his head. "They should win the division easy."

In the Trail Blazer dressing room Walton was in rare form. "Listen up," he demanded of his teammates. "Tonight we stayed aggressive even in foul trouble. The bench picked us up [Gilliam had contributed 21 points]. Nice going, bench. Nice going, team. Now we got to keep rolling."

It was an invigorating moment for the young Blazers as well as an indication of the transformation Walton has undergone in his professional life. Though he is loath to admit to any immaturity during the past two years—Walton says he does not regret his notorious "the FBI is the enemy" line—he does say he "has learned some things about life." The Trail Blazers elected him team captain before the season, but his responsibilities go deeper than that.

Long ago Walton abandoned his "dream house," the \$100,000 A-frame in the Portland suburbs, and last summer he moved into a large, old center-hall house near downtown Portland where he lives with his longtime friend Susie Guth and their 15-month-old son Adam. Walton's onetime spiritual leader, the sports militant Jack Scott, Scott's wife Micki and Walton's younger brother Andy are among others who "share our home."

Though Walton has kept his politics

under wraps recently, he is not hesitant about sponsoring fund-raising get-togethers for the American Indian Movement (AIM) in his home and has commented that the recent Presidential election "went favorably for us."

All in all, Walton seems more settled, serene, happy and, yes, adult. Certainly two years of having to grow up in the newspapers and on television would tend to have that effect. Even his discomfiting stammer is notably cleared up.

"Bill's war with the people is over," says his good friend and former teammate Steve Jones. "Maybe the hair was the symbol. No more tangles, no more tears. At some point Bill realized he's a basketball player first, a political activist or whatever next. Maybe it was while he was rafting down the river."

Or riding his bike. Or munching his bean muffins. Or reading his Steinbeck and Vonnegut. Or bouncing his son on his knee. "I kidded Bill the other day about the haircuts," says Herm Gilliam. "I said pretty soon he'll have a crew cut and the American flag in his window. He laughed and laughed."

It is a marvelous sight to see Bill Walton laughing again. And puffing his cheeks, too.

END

Late bloomer Gross didn't blaze in '78





Fans to press: **DROP**

Boosterism is one thing, but when an accurate newspaper story in Oklahoma can turn fans into vengeful fanatics, cause a coach to see dark plots and even make a university president twist words, something is grotesquely wrong



It was H. L. Mencken who wrote, "A newspaper is a device for making the ignorant more ignorant and the crazy crazier." In the last few weeks some denizens of the state of Oklahoma have forever certified the sage's remarks. Exhibiting a knee-jerk doltriness that Mencken would have appreciated, these Oklahomans castigated and threatened a sports editor and his newspaper, all because that paper had the temerity to report the truth: that another NCAA investigation of the University of Oklahoma football program was under way.

Following publication of the story in the Oct. 25 Oklahoma City *Times*, Frank Boggs, widely acknowledged to be the best (and heretofore, also the best-liked) sportswriter in the state, had to have police protection for four nights because of bomb threats and other telephoned intimidations, including 30 calls in one two-hour period. For simply being the messenger bearing the bad news, Boggs has been labeled the state's "Public Enemy No. 1"; several hundred subscriptions to the *Times* have been canceled; hate mail has poured in; there have been dark whispers of advertisers boy-



DEAD

by Frank Deford

colting the Oklahoma Publishing Company (Opubco, which publishes the morning *Oklahoman* as well as the afternoon *Times*) and, perhaps most important of all in a nation where a man lets his automobile speak for him, there have even been bumper stickers: *HONK IF YOU HATE OPUBCO AND TO HELL WITH THE OKLAHOMAN AND TIMES*.

Jack Taylor, who shared the byline on the piece with Boggs, has done investigative features on the Mafia and the Teamsters, and over a period of 2½ years he wrote 248 stories about Governor David Hall and corruption in his administration—greasing the skids for Hall's conviction and jail term which began last month. Taylor found the reaction to the football piece "much more controversial" than to any of his previous articles. Even Taylor's father dropped over one day and said, "Can't you wait till after the season?"

All of this obloquy has been heaped upon Boggs and Taylor for merely reporting that the NCAA is looking into charges of a ticket-scalping scandal among OU players. The paper did not make a single allegation itself. Nine days after the article appeared on the front page of the *Times*,

continued





Frank Boggs: a traitor for revealing the truth

DROP DEAD continued

the NCAA acknowledged that indeed it was investigating Oklahoma and that it had been doing so for some time. In other words, the story was correct.

But in Oklahoma, whose patron saint, Will Rogers, was once celebrated for his admission that the sum of his information came from the daily press, some folks evidently believe that freedom of the press does not extend to the playing fields. Obviously, the Boggs case is extreme, but what is most disheartening is that it is not an anomaly.

The prevailing attitude among many fans, athletes and coaches around the country, most notably in rural areas, is that home-team reporters should be little more than a propaganda arm of "the program." Two seasons ago, an unacceptable column in the Omaha *World-Herald* by Wally Provost was sufficient grounds for Nebraska Football Coach Tom Osborne to cancel his subscription. Brent Bryant recently called in Mike McKenzie of the *Tuscaloosa News* and chided him for printing that a "Bama player was worried about being cut because he would then lose \$1,000 from the sale of his game tickets. The Bear cautioned the writer not to get the NCAA on their backs. "If that happened," he said, "we wouldn't have a program and you wouldn't have anything to write about." Many coaches seem to operate under the delusion that big-time sports carry the press, while the opposite is more the truth.

Generally speaking, too, the sports press is meekest where there is only one game in town—like Oklahoma football.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICH CLARKSON

In such a situation, coaches can intimidate and, when deemed necessary, cut off uncooperative writers. Consequently, the fans, the athletes and the coaches grow conditioned to puffery. When Don Haskins was coach of 1966 NCAA basketball champion Texas Western (now Texas-El Paso), the team's doings fairly dominated the El Paso sports pages. In 1969, he took the coaching job at the University of Detroit. At the press conference announcing his appointment, Haskins had expected to exchange a few pleasantries with a group of tame reporters. Instead, he was bombarded by tough questions from sportswriters working in a city full of Tigers, Lions, Pistons and Red Wings. "These people are prejudging me," said Haskins, who didn't like the situation at Detroit and quit his new job two hours later. But the idea that the sporting press should engage in boosterism is hardly confined to the backwaters. After the Redskins lost to the Giants a few weeks ago, a Washington TV reporter dared question some of Coach George Allen's decisions. Snapped Allen, "Sometimes I wonder if you're a Redskin fan, the way you talk." What George Allen—and apparently a lot of other people—fails to understand is that the last thing a Washington reporter should be is a Redskin fan.

In fact, as the unfolding of Watergate showed, there is a general misapprehension about the role of the press in the U.S. The confusion is heightened in sports because the same good citizens who become indignant when politicians are caught with their hands in the till or on their secretary's thighs want to escape into a dream bubble where fun and games are not soiled by reality. Jack Anderson may be a public guardian but Frank Boggs becomes a spoilsport.

Another part of the problem is that fans are indoctrinated by broadcast sports journalism. Indeed, many radio and TV announcers masquerade as journalists when they are, in fact, paid shills, hired by the home team to lead cheers. People conditioned to TV's gurgly language, bounded by "great" on one side and "tough competitor" on the other, are simply not prepared to read anything that denigrates their heroes.

Boggs and Taylor did not even receive much support from their newspaper colleagues. The competing Oklahoma City paper, the *Journal*, shamelessly capitalized on the issue with a poll, asking read-

ers if the "criticism leveled" against the Sooners by the *Times* had been "unjustified." Seventy-two percent of the respondents agreed it had, overlooking, or being unaware of, the fact that there had been no criticism. Publisher Charles Engleman of the Clinton (Okla.) *Daily News*, a lifelong newspaperman and one of the seven OU regents, editorialized against the *Times'* "hysterical crusade," declaring, "It's unprecedented that the home daily newspaper assume such a petty adversary role."

Traditionally, the most sycophantic reporting of all has come from places where coaches have taken root, like Alabama or Columbus—where the Bear and Woody Hayes hold sway—or from Kentucky, when the Baron, Adolph Rupp, ruled. That phenomenon is now evident in Indiana, where the fledgling curmudgeon Bobby Knight reigns. "There is a fear of Knight among sportswriters in this state," says one Indiana journalist, fearful of revealing his own identity.

When the Indianapolis Star ran a front-page picture last February of Knight grabbing one of his players by the shirt, the incensed coach protested on his TV show. Though Knight could not have anticipated such a vehement reaction, Star Sports Editor Bob Collins was inundated with 800 letters and thousands of calls—including many filthy ones that came to his wife at home—condemning the paper for "downgrading Indiana University." The photographer, Jerry Clark, endured numerous physical threats, most of them suggesting that he should be smashed in the face with the camera that had dared take an accurate picture.

Knight's handling of the press has enjoyed the tacit support of the athletic department and the university itself. One of the few times Knight was overruled in his dealings with the press came after the shirt-yanking incident, which he had responded to by banning photographers from the next Indiana home game. University President John Ryan agreed to let the photographers work only after—as photographer Clark explains—"the AP, the UPI and the Star management jumped on Dr. Ryan to see who was running the university."

At present, however, the administration and its new athletic director, Paul Dietzel, himself an ex-coach, is backing Knight in his latest puerile press dispute, this one with the university paper, the *In-*

diana Daily Student. Phil Tatman of the paper wrote several weeks ago that Knight had thrown an ishtery in disgust in the IU football press box. The basketball coach claimed otherwise and several eyewitnesses have backed him up. Knight called the paper's assistant publisher in a rage, then prohibited student basketball reporters from attending practice or traveling with the team. The *Daily Student* printed a correction, but Knight has not rescinded his ban. The university has not contradicted this stance, and so Tatman, with no recourse, wrote a conciliatory note to the coach. Knight deemed it insufficiently contrite, however, and is apparently holding out for a personal atonement.

The episode in Oklahoma is more significant and more pathetic because it involves a whole institution, a whole state and not just one coach's traumatized ego. Indeed, the coach at Oklahoma, Barry Switzer, appears baffled, not belligerent. Like so many Oklahomans, he finds it impossible to believe that the *Times* and OU alums Boggs and Taylor would report objectively and truthfully simply as a matter of professional journalistic responsibility. Instead, Switzer offers that there must be some ulterior motive. He refers darkly to a possible conspiracy or vendetta. The most popular theory is that the high muckety-mucks at Opubco ordered Boggs to do in OU football because the university switched its broadcast rights from Opubco's radio station.

Certainly, Switzer seems to believe that some kind of spell has been cast over Boggs. "He is a friend," says the coach. "The man who has done this attacking is not the Frank Boggs I knew."

Says Boggs, "Despite the fuss, I know it only involves a small minority. Oklahomans are basically good people—better anybody I know—and most are genuinely concerned that something might be wrong. They don't want anything to be wrong—but, hell, neither do I."

Boggs stumbled upon the ticket-scalping story around the time of the Texas game, in October, when Longhorn Coach Darrell Royal was lodging allegations of spying against Oklahoma. While spying is not specifically in violation of NCAA rules, Oklahoma fans have just cause for worry when accusations about unethical conduct are made: three times in the last 21 years the school has gone on probation, the most recent occasion keeping the Sooners off network TV and out of

postseason play for two years despite being one of the top teams in the country.

One of the contributing factors to this situation is that the university administration appears to play second fiddle to the football team. (OU students like to repeat an old campus saying first uttered by a former president of the school: "We want to build a university the football team can be proud of.") Thus, even though NCAA Executive Director Walter Byers informed Oklahoma President Paul Sharp that OU football was indeed being investigated on the same day the Boggs-Taylor article appeared, Sharp played semantic games when asked about the *Times*' stories. He denied that OU was being "officially" investigated, which was technically correct, as the investigation was in its "informal" stage, according to NCAA terminology. But this coy protestation, combined with secret regents' meetings, heaped coals on the fires.

The *Times* itself fanned these passions by blowing the Boggs-Taylor stories out of proportion. This is hard to believe ("It'll be in journalism books for the next 50 years," Boggs says), but the day after the presidential election the *Times* ran another OU investigation story at the top of the front page in bold type, with Jimmy Carter's election reported far less dramatically below.

But then, we should not really be surprised at any of this because OU football is inextricably woven into the fabric of the state. As publisher Engleman says, "We're a young state, striving for excellence, and football has been the one place where we have achieved excellence."

According to Larry Merchant, a sports journalist who attended OU as a football player and is writing a book on Sooner football, the gridiron powerhouse was purposely contrived by businessmen as a way of combating the negative "Okie" image created by writers like John Steinbeck. Coming on the heels of Rodgers and Hammerstein, who had given Oklahoma an exclamation mark, Bud Wilkinson's successful postwar Sooner teams provided the state with a bright and recognizable new face. Says Abe Lemons, the University of Texas basketball coach, who is an Oklahoma expatriate, "I used to admit to ev'body that I was from Oklahoma, but I'd be sure to add real fast, 'but from down near the Texas line.' Wilkinson's teams were important to the whole state. They undone all the things

Steinbeck did. Frank Boggs is the finest guy I ever knew. He's never written anything cruel about anybody. But, you see, he's attacked the Pope."

Boggs understands well enough. He has spent much of his life in Oklahoma. He is, anyway, an observer. Like a lot of sportswriters, he is not even much of a sports fan. "I'd rather rake leaves than just go see a game," he says. The two events he most prizes having watched are the Neil Armstrong moon shot and a Harvard-Penn game where most of the fans drank wine and one team or the other won. He cites these two events because each in its own way puts high-time football in perspective.

Boggs tried to explain himself as a writer right after the trouble started, when the threats and letters were pouring in, when old friends ostracized him. He wrote in his column: "Maybe sportswriters are gullible, perhaps naive. We exist in a world of excitement and Sousa music and beautiful cheer-leading girls who surely will wind up in tears whether their team won or lost. We often become good friends of the coaches and of their wives, and when a coach is under heavy attack, we feel doubly saddened. . . . But sportswriters are also newspapermen, and they must be newspapermen first and sportswriters second."



Jack Taylor' politics was not as controversial



AFTER THE FREE-FOR-ALL WAS OVER

Following weeks of rough-and-tumble bargaining, the Yankees, who signed Reggie Jackson and Don Gullett, and the Angels, who spent plenty for Joe Rudi, Don Baylor and Bobby Grich, were tops in the reentry draft **by Larry Keith**

While Stanbrenner or Autry may have purchased the pennant, Finley's A's and the O's were left with flagging prospects



In 1969 Gene Autry, the singing cowboy, dug deep down into his saddlebags, withdrew \$21 million in *Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer* royalties and purchased one (1) complete 28-man major league baseball team, which he decided to call the Angels. Last month, 16 inflationary years later, Autry paid a bit more than that for one (1) complete major league baseball player. In fact, as the result of two weeks of intense negotiation between California's General Manager Harry Dalton and Agent Jerry Kapstein, Autry spent more than \$5 million for free agents Joe Rudi, Bobby Grich and Don Baylor.

It remains to be seen whether the California owner has bought himself the 1977 American League West title or a season of high-priced frustration. But it is certain that the free-agent reentry draft has sent the grand old game into a new era. For better or worse, baseball will never be the same again.

Autry's Angels and the American League champion New York Yankees are the biggest winners in the multimillion-dollar auction that is now winding down. Although six of the 24 players who were selected in the draft remained unsigned at the end of last week, the best and the brightest were already on their way to the bank. Speculation about what their signings will mean in the standings next season and to the structure of baseball in years to come has fired all the burners in the Hot Stove League.

For this year at least, the direst warnings about the new system can be discounted. Players did not stampede to become free agents, and the competitive balance of baseball (if there ever was one) was generally enhanced, not debased. Of the 12 teams that had winning seasons in 1976, three signed a total of four new players. Of the 12 that had losing records, seven emerged with 14 of the free agents. Only in the case of the Yankees—

"the damn Yankees," people have begun calling them again—did the rich get richer. New York was the only one of the nine winnarest teams and the only one of the four clubs that drew more than two million fans last season to improve itself. By signing former Cincinnati Pitcher Don Gullett and ex-Baltimore slugger Reggie Jackson, the Yankees may have secured the American League's Eastern Division championship and even the AL pennant for years to come.

Another burning off-season question is whether the 18 players who have signed are worth the \$20 million or so in bonuses, long-term salaries and deferred payments it took to snare them. For all their celebrity and past accomplishments, there is not a man among them who batted .300 last year or drove in 100 runs or clubbed 30 homers. As for the pitchers, only Wayne Garland, late of the Orioles, won 20 games. But, as Babe Ruth once said in justifying his big salary, every member of the *nouveaux riches* had a better year than the President.

As surely as several clubs and a goodly number of players stand to be better off as a result of the free-agent draft, it is just as certain that a few teams, especially Oakland and Baltimore, are much the poorer because of it. In the last eight seasons, the A's and Orioles have finished first or second in their divisions 15 of a possible 16 times. Next season, without Grich, Jackson and Garland, Baltimore probably will come in fifth in the American League East. Without Rudi, Baylor, Shortstop Ben Campaneris, Third Baseman Sal Bando, Catcher Gene Tenace and Relief Pitcher Rollie Fingers, the A's might not come in at all.

Thus, it is not difficult to guess which two teams are most satisfied and which two are most outraged by the recent events in the marketplace. Says Baltimore General Manager Hank Peters, "What we've seen are a handful of clubs

continued

that have been unsuccessful at building teams go out and use checkbooks to achieve things they couldn't accomplish through organizational efforts. And it's clear that to some players loyalty means very little." Oakland Owner Charles O. Finley blames everything on those of his colleagues who are willing to pay huge salaries.

Predictably, the Yankees and Angels disagree. "This is free enterprise and survival of the fittest," says New York General Manager Gabe Paul. California, which has never finished higher than third in the 16 seasons since it joined the American League as an expansion franchise, recognized the changing times as well. "I don't believe all of this is good for baseball," says Autry. "For that reason, I'm not happy about it. But this is the way it is now, and there are certain facts of life we're going to have to live with. We have a commitment to our fans, to our sponsors and to the players who have gone through some lean years with us. We had to improve the club." Or as Dalton phrased it, "I'd rather have a few people mad at me for putting Rudi, Grich and Baylor in Angels uniforms than have everybody happy with me while we finish fifth."

And Dalton, say some of his rivals, went to devious lengths to make sure not everyone would be happy with him. Under the rules of the reentry draft, each team was allowed to sign two players or a total equal to the number of free agents it lost, whichever was greater. California was able to sign a trio of the biggest stars available because it had lost three guys named Billy Smith, Paul Dade and Tim Nordbrook from its roster of 40 major- and minor-leaguers. Dalton even went so far as to obtain Nordbrook from the Orioles last summer, then did not bother to sign him.

Largely because of Pitchers Nolan Ryan, Frank Tanana and Paul Hartzell, the Angels managed to tie for fourth in the American League West last season, although they were last in the league in hits, runs, RBIs, home runs and batting average. Rudi, Baylor and Grich should change all that, even though Grich will have to move from second to short and Baylor to DH to fit into the Angel lineup. "If you have Grich and Bobby Bonds and Rudi and Baylor and Tony Solanta—bang! bang! bang!—in the lineup, it's going to be tough for a pitcher to sneak his way through," says Dalton. California's

defense and speed also will be improved, because both Grich and Rudi are Gold Glovers and Baylor stole 52 bases. "I'd start the season today if I could," says Manager Norm Sherry with understandable relish.

Kansas City Manager Whitey Herzog is less enthusiastic about throwing out the first ball. The Royals were two games under .500 in the second half of last season and had to struggle to win the West by 2½ games. When the signing season began, Herzog knew his team needed pitching and right-handed power, but he also realized that the Royals' management was opposed to bartering for players. Now, he admits, "California has to be favored."

If he takes a good look over his other shoulder, Herzog might also see Texas sneaking up on him, the Rangers having signed Campaneris and former Yankee Pitcher Doyle Alexander.

Last year's second- and third-place Western Division teams, Oakland and Minnesota, seem to have fallen far back. "We have a good chance of losing 100 games next summer," says the A's Bill North. New Manager Jack McKeon believes he and Finley "can patch this thing up and turn the club around," but with a mediocre farm system, no one is quite sure how.

The Twins lost only one unsigned player of any importance—Bill Campbell, the league's leading reliever, who went to Boston. But the draft to stock the American League's two new teams was especially painful for Minnesota, because leadoff batter Steve Braun went to Seattle and Bill Senger, the only starter with a winning record, to Toronto. Owner Calvin Griffith considers the reentry process to be "the ruinage of our game," but by stubbornly refusing to contend for talent, he may be guaranteeing that it will have a particularly ruinous effect on his team.

With the decimation of Baltimore, New York might have ignored the bartering and still have retained its Eastern Division championship. But as long as George Steinbrenner is in charge, the Yankees are sure to dance every dance. With the glamour and financial fringe benefits of New York City and barrels of money to use as inducements, Steinbrenner snatched Catfish Hunter in 1974 and almost nabbed Andy Messersmith last spring. By scoring big in the free-agent free-for-all, he caused Baltimore's

Ken Singleton to say, "The Yankees are getting to the unbeatable stage."

Jackson will give the Yanks charisma, power, a dependable rightfielder and positive thinking. "I'd like to think we're the best team in baseball right now," he says. With Gullett, perhaps the game's best lefthander when he is healthy, New York could be just that.

The loss of Jackson, Grich and Garland is likely to drop the Orioles behind Boston and Cleveland. Just a year removed from the World Series, the Red Sox still have the talent to challenge the Yanks. Boston also has a smart front office that hopes it has allayed any future free-agent problems by signing most of its important players to long-term contracts. At least that's the theory. In practice, it may not work out so well. Pitcher Luis Tiant, for example, feels like a second-class citizen after hearing about all the booty won by the free agents and wants his contract renegotiated for the second time in less than a year.

A few weeks ago Indian Manager Frank Robinson said, "We need one more productive batter and an established starter to win it all." By signing 26-year-old Garland to a contract that, incredibly, stretches over 10 years, Cleveland landed an established starter, but in the expansion draft it gave up its most productive batter, DH Rico Carty. Don't worry, nobody else understands the Indians' reasoning either.

The acquisitions of Garland by Cleveland and Bando by Milwaukee seem to disprove one of the standard fears expressed by the reentry draft's opponents: that players would strenuously avoid the Midwest and head for coastal glamour spots. And by getting no one at all, Detroit may have debunked another of those anxieties: that a team's holdover players would complain when a big contract was added to the payroll. "I was really disappointed," says Tiger Centerfielder Ron LeFlore, "but our GM, Jim Campbell, said if he spent a lot he would be afraid to face the team. Well, isn't he afraid to face us after getting nothing?"

The draft had far less effect in the National League, where only four players left their clubs. Despite the loss of Gullett, who played only a minor role in winning the 1976 pennant, smugly superior Cincinnati, which refused to participate in the reentry process, still should dominate its division, especially because its closest pursuers, Los Angeles and Houston

continued

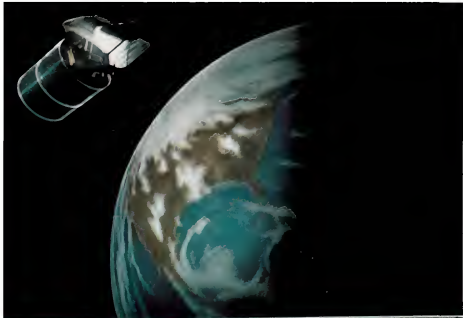
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FREE-FOR-ALL continued

son, also decided to stand pat. The Astros may regret that decision, if San Diego Owner—and McDonald's hamburger magnate—Ray Kroc, who picked up Tenace and finished second in the Jackson Sweepstakes, has improved his team enough for it to overtake Houston.

In the National League East, Second Baseman Dave Cash moved from the top of the standings in Philadelphia to the bottom in Montreal, a switch that will hurt the Phillies more than it will help the Expos. Montreal could have significantly strengthened itself if the \$20,000 Owner Charles Bronfman invested in romancing Jackson had paid off. It didn't, although the Expos' final offer reportedly was about \$1 million more than the contract Jackson signed with New York.

The Phillies will use either bench warmer Terry Harmon or Fred Andrews, a minor-leaguer, at second. Neither will match Cash in hitting, fielding or leadership. The Phils also lost First Baseman Dick Allen—though willingly and without regrets.

The departures of Cash and Allen might have made Philadelphia vulnerable to a challenge from Pittsburgh. But Richie Hebner, the most important free agent still unsigned, probably will not return to the Pirates. That means the Bucs must find a third baseman. Worse, they also must come up with a catcher to replace three-time All-Star Manny Sanguillen, who was lost in the absurd deal that sent him—plus \$100,000—to Oakland in a trade for Manager Chuck Tanner.

Despite pressing needs, the East's other teams—the Mets, Cubs and Cardinals—did not seriously pursue free agents. "Mercenaries don't win wars," explained Chicago GM Bob Kennedy. Neither do conscientious objectors.

The Cubs and every other team will have another chance next year. Kapstein, who represented 10 of the best in this year's free-agent class, believes there will be more players available, though perhaps not as many stars. In the meantime, there will continue to be doomsday predictions of five to six franchises folding, of part-time players wanting \$200,000 salaries, of vast player migrations. More consoling is General Manager Phil Seghi of Cleveland, who says that despite the "player quake," baseball will get "bigger, better and stronger."

And, it should be added, more fun to follow in the off-season.

END

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THE RAIDERS HOLD THE WINNING HANDS



And when Oakland plays, it usually opens with a pair of aces: Clifford Branch, who goes long, and Fred Biletnikoff, who goes short. With them, the team hopes to rake in the Super Bowl pot by **ROBERT F. JONES**



CONTINUED



Branch has run the 100 in 9.2 and, unlike most other sprinters, has good hands. Biletnikoff does the 100 in about a week but always leads the league in yards



Clifford and Freddie really are glue-fingered receivers: they spray or coat their hands with Hold Tight on the sidelines, for a tight hold when they take the field

of Oakland's first 39 touchdowns came on pass plays. And now it doesn't sound like so much hot air when the Raiders—pro football's most successful regular-season team over the last decade with a 106-25-7 record—say once again that this year is their year for the Super Bowl.

"You think of the great receiving pairs of the past, say Carroll Dale and Boyd Dowler of the Lombardi Packers, and the first thing you see is that they had great running backs to take the pressure off of them," says Oakland Coach John Madden. He doesn't say exactly that Clarence Davis and Mark van Eeghen of the Raiders are scarcely Paul Hornung and Jim Taylor, but the fact is that Oakland's ground game is at best fair-to-maddening. "Both Branch and Biletnikoff run great routes, different kinds of routes but complementary, and neither of them drops passes," Madden says. "When a defense throws a double zone on us, then Casper goes up the middle. Zingo! Just like that."

Not only do the two wide receivers complement one another on the field—Branch the deep threat with his sprinter's speed, Biletnikoff the master of the short routes—but the B-Boys lead complementary lives off it as well. Biletnikoff is the quiet, diffident 12-year veteran, soft-spoken but tough beneath his blond, Caspar Milquetoast moustache. Branch, who is in his fifth season with Oakland, is the flashy dresser, ebullient on the field and off. "the happiest man on the team," Madden says. After a home game, Fred usually jumps the next plane south to spend a day of rest with his new wife, Jennifer, on his 80-tree avocado ranch in Valley Center, Calif. Clifford ("not Cliff, please") jumps into his bottle-green 1935 Dodge sedan with the mohair seat covers and goes home for a game of backgammon with his wife Essie. Either that or a horror movie. "He loves those grisly picture shows," says Essie Branch, who was Clifford's girl at the University of Colorado, where he starred in track and football. There's a racially mixed marriage, but watching them no one sees colors, just affection and mutual respect. "She beats me at backgammon," says Branch, grinning, "and at air hockey, too!"

Branch was born and raised in Houston, where his father worked on the docks and his mother taught school. "I was always fast on my feet," he recalls. "I could run away from anyone on the block. Even

the big kids. It was a God-given grace, and I knew I had to do something with it." The man who helped him find out what was Oliver Brown, then a coach at Branch's junior high school. Brown worked on Branch's running technique, and then followed his protégé to Worthing High, where Branch became the first schoolboy in Texas history to run the 100 in 9.3. In fact, he did it twice. "I still see Coach Brown when I go back home," says Branch. "He's a good man, a good friend."

At Colorado, Branch ran track and played football. A return specialist, it took him just two seasons to establish an NCAA career record for punt- and kick-off-return touchdowns. He gained 354 yards rushing, 755 returning kickoffs, 733 carrying back punts, 665 on pass catches, and scored 16 touchdowns. In 1972, his senior year, Branch set a world indoor record of 9.3 for the 100, and twice during his Colorado career he did 9.2 outdoors. Though he qualified for the 1972 Olympic Trials, by then his main interest was football. The Raiders had made him their fourth draft pick that year, so Branch chose the NFL over Munich.

"We drafted him mainly as a return man," says Madden, "but I've always had the feeling that any player who can get open can be taught to catch a pass. Hands can be developed. But if a guy can't get open, it doesn't matter whether he can catch or not. He'll never have a pass thrown to him. Clifford can get open. I'll tell you."

It took Branch two seasons, however, before he could catch Stabler's zingers with any consistency. Most track stars who come into pro football have similar problems, and many of them—like Jimmy Hines and John Carlos—drop out, discouraged because they can't hold on to a football. Not Branch. He endured his second-string status (behind Mike Sam) without complaints, and he kept his eye on Biletnikoff, who is perhaps the finest practitioner of bull-glomming in the game.

"I still look at Fred," Branch says. "It's the best education a pass catcher can get anywhere. The other day he was out there working on his cradling. He stayed on after practice and just kept practicing how to cradle the ball, in case his hands get busted in a game and he can't use his fingers. Sometimes he'll just practice catching it with one hand, like you have to do sometimes but you don't want to

continued

Call him Manuel Dexterdes. He's the hottest pass catcher in pro football, a speedy, glue-fingered dude of Greco-Hispanic origin who can do it all—stop-and-go, work back, move in or out, up-and-over, short and deep. Not only does he have the proverbial blinding speed (after all, he consistently runs the 100 in 9.4 in college, and even now can cover the football 40 in a tad over four seconds flat), but he also has the guile of an Odysseus when it comes to fooling cornerbacks, an inheritance no doubt from his Greek father. And when the ball gets to him, or he to it, as the case may be, there is never any question of Manuel Dexterdes dropping it. He has manual dexterity, the gift of his Spanish mother, who started him playing pelota at the age of three to hone his eye-hand coordination. His fingers are made of epoxy and his bones are made of recast steel. In short, he is the optimum wide receiver.

Of course, there is no Manuel Dexterdes, but the Oakland Raiders have the next best thing. It comes in two packages, one named Fred Biletnikoff and the other Clifford Branch. The B-Boys, along with Tight End Dave Casper, have given Oakland the best record and the most accomplished passing game in the NFL. Through the first 12 games of the season Quarterback Kenny (Snake) Stabler connected on 178 of 271 passes for 2,520 yards, Casper caught 46 for 613 yards and seven touchdowns. Branch caught 39 for 994—an average of 25.5 yards—and 10 touchdowns. And Biletnikoff caught 38 for 496 and six TDs. His potent third-down catches—often for short yardage along the right sideline—are classics of their kind, and the stuff of nightmares for defenders. This year 26

In 1969, the IBM magnetic card made Word Processing work.



Today, it makes entire Word Processing systems work.

In the 1960s, the American office initiated a change in its manner of conducting business. The growing need of management for information was producing a rising flood of paperwork. To cope with this problem, it became apparent that a new approach to office productivity was needed — an approach that involved a more systematic employment of equipment, procedures, and personnel. Thus the concept of Word Processing emerged.

In 1969, Word Processing technology made an important advance with the introduction of the IBM "Mag Card Selectric" Typewriter. The IBM magnetic card — with its ease of handling, storing, and retrieving, and its remarkable revision capability — had an immediate and marked effect on typing productivity. Also important was the fact that each card contained approximately one page of text; this made it possible to distribute work among various typists on the basis of availability. On the human side, there were important gains in work satisfaction, since the typist was relieved of the need to retype material that had already been typed correctly. Most significant, the IBM magnetic card made it possible to organize and systematize office paperwork to a degree never before possible.

As the concept of Word Processing grew, so did the capabilities of the equipment using the IBM magnetic card. The addition of an electronic memory and logic to IBM magnetic card typewriters gave the units greatly enlarged revision capacity and the ability to handle more complex functions automatically. In time, equipment with various levels of capability was developed. New functions were added as Word

Processing users became more sophisticated and recognized new needs.

Today, the IBM magnetic card is the foundation of complete Word Processing systems which combine IBM mag card typewriters with other IBM Word Processing equipment to provide the required mix of keyboarding, revision, payout, and communications capabilities for any particular office situation.

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Just catching it on one hand and batting it across to the other. Trick catches, sure, but he works at them. Then he's ready when he needs them."

What does Branch work on?

"My hands," he says, spreading his fingers and flexing them. They're not big hands, but they're strong. "I squeeze a lot of Silly Putty at home to get them strong. I also shoot a lot of pool and play Ping-Pong to help my eye-hand coordination. Lately I've been playing some tennis. Good for the legs, you know, gives you those quick breaks when you make your move on a pass route. But Freddie, he doesn't believe in Silly Putty. His hands are huge, and strong enough as it is. He works with a speed bag now and then to make sure both hands are equally quick. But otherwise, that's about all I do—that and watch Freddie."

"*Clerchez Biletnikoff*," says his wife, who majored in psychology and French at Colorado.

It's a practice day for the Raiders, and Biletnikoff is back from his farm. The fog has blown from the Bay, carrying with it the ghost of Jack London, which had haunted the dank streets all morning. A mild sun gleams on the golf course and the city dump which flank the field. Biletnikoff trots off with the taut bounce of a pointer coming in from a day working quail. His eyes are a bland, watery blue that match the sky. He proffers one of the renowned hands, and in the grasp one realizes why Freddie Biletnikoff drops so few passes. He is without doubt the gluest man in the game.

"Oh, that's just the stunkum I spray on there," he says. "I don't know what they call it. It's just there on the sidelines, so I use it." Indeed he does. When the Oakland defense is on the field, Biletnikoff sits on the sidelines apart from his teammates—attentive and unmoving, balanced atop his silver helmet. But when the offense is ready to return, he lopes to the training table and squirts his taped calves and forearms and finally his hands with quick shots of Hold-Tite Spray.

"You can't hear good hands," Madden likes to say. "There's no loud slap of leather on skin. That's because with a good receiver the fingertips are stopping the ball, not the palms." Madden doesn't talk about stunkum, and clearly Biletnikoff would rather not, either. The conversation shifts briefly to avocados and avocations.

"That last storm uprooted some of my trees," he says laconically. "So I had to get them stuck back in the ground. Mainly when I'm down there, or at home in San Francisco, I just lie around and listen to music."

What kind of music?

"All kinds of music," he answers softly, his eyes clouding over. Then he turns and stares directly into the questioner's eyes. "Anything but jazz," he says.

A sudden image: Biletnikoff running his routes to an inner symphony. *Les Sylphides*? *Götterdämmerung*? *Rocky Racoon*? We will never know.

So the talk turns to catching footballs, and suddenly Biletnikoff is right at home.

"With these damn zones, it's harder than ever to get open," he says, "but that only makes it more fun when you do. You've got to read them as they develop, and then show them different looks from the line of scrimmage to keep the defenders guessing. I use three different releases off the line. You can run a hook, an out or an in off one release, say, and then go on to the others. If you give a guy the same look every time, he'll play you the same way. But if in the first 10 or 12 yards you're doing something different but ending up in the same spot, then you've got him guessing. You're being radical—not falling into a pattern, not being consistent. That's how you find out how good a defensive back is, by putting a little challenge to him. He starts asking himself, 'What is he going to do to me now?' For me, that's the fun part of the game, when it gets to be a guessing game." He smiles a bit ruefully. "And when you specialize on third-down passes like I do, you've got to have fun at it."

Biletnikoff's piece de *résistance* is what football coaches call "workback to the ball"—that is, going deeper than the intended catching point, then faking out the defenders by retracing his steps to a prearranged spot and arriving there simultaneously with the football.

"If it's third and eight," Biletnikoff says, "I'll go down maybe 13, 14 yards, and I know I've got five or six yards to work back to the ball. So if I don't beat him the first time, on the way out, I've got another chance to beat him coming back."

By now most defenders expect Biletnikoff to work back on third-down passes and are ready for the move. But he doesn't do it every time. Sometimes he will go "up and over," faking a turn back

or to the sidelines and then, as the defender commits himself, flat blowing past him. He did precisely that against the Kansas City Chiefs a few weeks ago. Oakland had a first down at the Chiefs' 32 in the first quarter. Biletnikoff split to the right side (his favorite jumping-off point) and took off in the face of Cornerback Kerry Reardon. "Up and over" he went. Stabler's pass was there, and Biletnikoff fell into the end zone for a touchdown. It was his 521st reception, tying him with Bobby Mitchell as the sixth-best in that category in NFL history. Later in the game he broke the tie with another reception, and after 12 games needed only 11 more to catch up with No. 5, Lance Alworth.

Watchfulness—keen observation of the opponent—is one of the keys to his success. "Too many receivers don't watch closely," Biletnikoff says. "They'll watch what the cornerback does, for instance, and let it go at that. I take all four guys on my side of the field into consideration: the middle and outside linebacker, the cornerback and the safety. How do they rotate up? How quickly do the linebackers get into the zone, and how deep? How do they play the sideline? If you do that, then you get a pretty good idea of the whole zone and how it works. The worst thing in a given zone is undisciplined players." He shrugs and winces. "You want them to be very disciplined because then you know where they're going and where you have to go to beat them. If you're playing against undisciplined players, particularly rookies, they might do anything and their very mistakes can mess you up."

When Biletnikoff isn't running his short third-down work-back patterns, he's usually taking that most punishing of routes, the "in." Because Biletnikoff is relatively slow, at least by Branch's standards, his routes are short to medium in length and put him in direct conflict with the linebackers, men who are as tall as the 6'1" Biletnikoff but who outweigh his 190 pounds by 40 pounds or more.

"It's not a difficult pattern to run," he says with a shrug. "All you have to be concerned with, once you break in, is finding the hole there. The biggest fun I have out of it is trying to get 15 or 17 yards deep so that the linebacker loses the sense of where I am. He can drop only so far with you before he has to turn around to see what's happening in

continued

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front of him. You know he's only going to go 10 or 12 yards at the very deepest, so if you keep going he's got to give up on you and turn the responsibility over to the corner or the safety. If you time it perfectly, he's turning back to the line of scrimmage just as you make your break. He sees the ball thrown, but you're already working toward it. Then you're between the two defenders, and—hey, presto—you catch it.” He chuckles and shakes his head, delighted at the thought.

Though “in” patterns may delight Biletnikoff, they have the opposite effect on coaches who like to keep their wide receivers intact. In the middle, where such pass routes terminate, the high-energy convergence of head-hunting linebackers and defensive backs reaches bone-breaking magnitude. A guy can get hurt in there. With this in mind, Oakland much prefers to use the sideline pass, particularly to Biletnikoff, who seems to have eyes in his toes. He can drop them just inside the sideline stripe without appearing to look down.

“It isn’t really that tough, working back to the ball on the sideline,” he says. “You don’t look for the line, but you can almost see it. It gets to be an instinctive thing. You know how many yards you’ve got to go before you’re out of bounds, and you just drop your feet before you go over the line.”

Thus, Madden’s dictum: “A team should never practice on a field that is not lined. Your players have to become aware of the field’s boundaries.” That awareness—“a sense of where you are,” as basketball’s Bill Bradley calls it—is only one of the “instincts” a good pass catcher must have. Another is the ability to acquire the ball, with both eyes and hands, the moment it appears in the receiver’s vicinity.

“The first thing you do when you turn around,” says Biletnikoff, “you automatically look up, or pretty much straight ahead at eye level. That’s where I try to catch the ball. Usually Snake has the ball right around your head somewhere, so it’s easier to pick up the ball with your vision starting up and working down, than it is with your eyes down at the start and then working up. Otherwise the ball could be over your head before you saw it. In the same way, the position of your hands when you turn and look for the ball is important, too.”

Biletnikoff cups his hands, palms out, over the scarred numbers on his prac-

tice jersey. “On ‘in’ patterns and on ‘hooks’ and ‘outs,’” he says, “you should always have your hands in the position where, if the ball were thrown right there, you could catch it right then. If the ball isn’t thrown on target—like if it’s up too high, or to either side, or just about to kiss the carpet—you can still catch it. If you already have your hands chest high, it’s easy to work to either side—high or low. But if your hands are low at the start—and a lot of receivers have the bad habit of dropping their arms after making their break—it’s hard to get your arms back up. That’s how most passes are missed. Sometimes you see a guy raising his arms too fast and flat knocking the ball away. It’s one thing I’ve always worked on—getting my hands in one ready position, all the time, and going after the ball from there.”

In an instant an entire philosophy comes clear—the philosophy of the Wide Receiver Manuel Dexterides, who hurls his carefully tuned, eminently fragile body into the meat grinder of pro football week after week. The guy you see every Sunday getting hit in midair, flipping over to land with a thud on the top of his hat yet hanging on to the ball. Why does he do it?

It’s fun.

Biletnikoff gets up and tucks his silver helmet under his arm, like the Headless Horseman, and shakes a sticky goodbye. Later, outside the locker room, Clifford Branch is standing beside his old Dodge, natty in a leather jacket and snakeskin boots. He pauses for a moment to ponder the question of “footsteps”—that catch-all encompassing the crashing, stomping, bending, folding, spindling and mutilating that a wide receiver is prone to, and the inevitable psychological reaction, hesitation. How do they handle it?

“George Atkinson, our strongside safety, is my roommate in camp and on the road,” Branch says, stroking his goatee. “He’s the kind of guy that hits people hard for a living. I asked him about footsteps once and he told me ‘Clifford,’ he said, ‘you know that defensive man is going to hit you whether you catch the ball or not. He’s going to hit you because you’re there. But you’re responsible for the ball, that’s what they’re paying you for. So you got to catch it.’ That’s the way it is, so I catch it.” He smiles and climbs into the car. “Just ask Freddie, he’ll tell you.”

Yes, indeed, Manuel Dexterides. **END**

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Midway between San Francisco and Los Angeles, overlooking one of the most magnificent stretches of coastline in the world, the twin towers of San Simeon are silhouetted against the sky, suggesting a castle of some childhood fantasy. A five-mile drive leads from the sea to the top of Enchanted Hill, winding among fields of wild flowers, disappearing into a cloud, emerging again to thread its way among lofty colonnades of palm trees. Along it every day of the year except Christmas and Thanksgiving a procession of yellow buses carries more than 1,000 visitors—five times that number in summer—to Hearst Castle, the most extraordinary private dwelling ever built on this continent.

More than eight million visitors have traveled the twisting road to the top of the hill since the State of California, which now owns the castle and 124 acres immediately surrounding it, opened San Simeon to the public in 1958. They come from every state in the U.S. and every corner of the world to marvel at the splendor and to speculate about the man who conceived it. So compelling is the interest in San Simeon that tours are sold out days in advance—weeks in summer—and revenues from admissions more than cover the \$2 million annual operating costs. Hearst Castle is, in fact, the only California State Monument that not only pays for itself but also makes a profit.

This would no doubt amuse the late William Randolph Hearst, because few men in this or any age spent money with such total abandon. When he lived there, San Simeon cost \$6,000 a day to run, and nobody paid admission. In its glory days during the 1920s and '30s, Hearst Castle was the gathering place of the superstars of business, politics and the arts. No invitation was more sought-after or more prized than one to visit San Simeon.

Today there is another invitation to San Simeon that is equally coveted—one to hunt in the hills and cliffs beyond the castle. Here in the rocky crags and canyons of the 77,000 acres still owned by the Hearst family can be found two of the world's fine big-game species: the Bar-

continued

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE HEARST RANCH

Once San Simeon was where the elite met to eat;
now Jack Greer has made it a hunter's paradise

by VIRGINIA KRAFT



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DICKRAN RAJULIAN



bary sheep, known also as the noudad, and the Himalayan tahr, a wild mountain goat.

Transplanted to the ranch more than half a century ago, these natives of North Africa and Nepal respectively have adapted remarkably, and have become almost as much a part of San Simeon as the man who put them there. Over the years fewer than 100 sportsmen have had the privilege of hunting on the ranch. Some have come from as far away as Iran and India. One man, upon being invited, took a plane that same day from Hawaii. Another canceled a trip to Europe.

The man who issues the invitations and wields such Hearstian power is not a Hearst but a local sportsman and farmer named Jack Greer, who for the past 12 years has had sole responsibility for managing the game at San Simeon. Besides Barbaries and tahr, the ranch also has thriving populations of sambar and fallow deer, elk and zebras.

Today such exotic animals have become almost commonplace on ranches in Texas and New Mexico, but in the 1920s Hearst's private wildlife collection was unique. Virtually every animal that could be found in the great zoos of the world was represented. Half a century before the concept of drive-through wild animal parks became a fad, Hearst had created one on his property.

After his death in 1951 all the caged animals and many of those that were fenced were distributed to zoos up and

down the West Coast. The Barbary sheep, tahr, sambar and fallow deer, elk and zebras stayed behind. They were confined to their old enclosures until a winter storm knocked down much of the fencing and the animals escaped. Once out they chose to go nowhere. As the years passed, the fences deteriorated completely but the animals remained in their familiar habitat and multiplied.

Greer's association with the ranch and its game dates back to his boyhood when he would spend his out-of-school hours exploring the hills and ravines and trapping raccoons along the beach. He grew up just over the mountain from San Simeon on a farm which he now owns. "In two weeks each year," he says, "I can farm enough to pay the taxes, keep the place looking good, and still have enough money left over to hunt whenever and wherever I want."

In years past there has been enough left over to enable Greer, a widower, to go on safaris to Africa, India, Iran, Mongolia, Europe, Canada and Mexico. The trophy room in his house is filled with

mementos of these hunts. At 66, Jack Melvin Greer is lean and sinewy, carrying 160 pounds on his six-foot frame, which gives him the appearance of being much taller. His expertise as a hunter, particularly of wild sheep, has brought him in contact with most of the top big-game hunters of the postwar era. One of them, the late Julio Estrada of Cuernavaca, Mexico, was indirectly responsible for launching Greer's present hunting operation at the Hearst Ranch.

On a trip to Mexico in 1961, Greer was surprised to find among Estrada's many outstanding trophies collected on several continents a small and not impressive Barbary sheep. He had seen any number of considerably better heads on the Hearst Ranch. When he returned to California he asked the superintendent of San Simeon for permission to guide Estrada on a sheep and tahr hunt on the ranch.

"Who would want to shoot one of those?" the man asked.

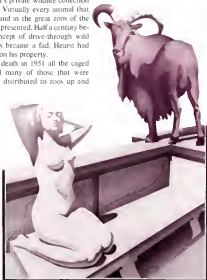
"By then I had hunted a lot," Greer says. "I knew how difficult and expensive it was to go after either animal in its native habitat. After the hunt with Julio I was convinced of the ranch's potential. Its game was running wild. I found record-book heads rotting in canyons all over the place—wasted. It was a damn shame some of those animals were not being harvested. I told the superintendent that I would like to have the shooting concession on the ranch. I knew I could make it profitable for the Hearsts."

Not long after, Greer met with William Randolph Hearst Jr. and his brother George. When he told them he thought \$200 a fair price to charge for a Barbary sheep, they were skeptical that anyone would pay that much to shoot a sheep. But not for long.

"When word got out," Greer says, "the mail wouldn't fit in my mailbox. Everyone wanted to hunt on the Hearst Ranch. I had to write and say the season was temporarily closed. Then I raised the price to \$500, and the requests still kept coming in."

In the 12 years since then Greer has taken out 93 hunters, and the 130-odd trophies they have taken have some impressive measurements. Only seven other Barbary sheep in the world rank ahead of the biggest taken at the ranch—a 32½-inch head—and of these one was a pick-

continued



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up in Africa's Ennedi plateau and another died of old age in a Pennsylvania zoo. Of the 20 U.S. Barbary sheep records listed in the 14th edition of Rowland Ward's *Records of Big Game*, eight are from the Hearst Ranch. Ted Manno of San Luis Obispo took a tahr there in 1969 with horns that measure 16 inches. Two of Greer's Chicago clients have heads on their walls just one-eighth inch shorter. All three exceed the largest head taken in decades in the tahr's native habitat.

Greer is understandably proud of the reputation he and the ranch's hunting have earned. "I've never had a hunter leave this ranch with a trophy he wasn't happy with," he says. "It's been nothing but harmony with the hunters and with the Hearsts. I furnish my knowledge and the clients; the Hearsts furnish the land and the game. They leave responsibility for setting fees and deciding how many heads should be harvested entirely to me. After 12 years of controlled hunting and 12 years of fighting off the coyotes, I have more game here than when I started, and it's all a lot healthier."

Greer now charges \$600 to shoot a Barbary sheep, \$750 to shoot a tahr. But a sportsman needs more than folding money to make such a hunt. His credentials in the field are as important as the money in his bank account. The list of people who would like to hunt on the Hearst Ranch would fill a medium-sized telephone book, but Greer has no interest in guiding anyone he does not know, or know a great deal about. In spite of the fee, his is not a commercial hunt in the usual sense. Nor is it a hunt to every sportsman's taste.

"You'd better be able to walk and you'd better be able to climb," Greer warns prospective clients. He does both with the stamina and agility of a mountain goat, often leaving hunters half his age gasping for breath in their efforts to keep up with him. Stalking a terrain where for more than 50 years the sheep and tahr have found sanctuary even from the mountain lions is rugged sport.

Viewed from the foot of Enchanted Hill, the country surrounding the castle looks lush and inviting. The hills appear gentle and rolling. There is no hint of the great brush-choked draws, steep canyons, precipitous drops and sheer cliffs that blend deceptively into the landscape. In the distance they are softened by the

sunlight and muted by the fog that rolls in from the ocean most afternoons. But up in the mountains there is nothing gentle about the rocks and ravines into which the Barbaries and tahr merge and disappear.

It is this remarkable ability of both species to dissolve into the landscape, even into places where seemingly there is no cover at all, that makes hunting them so challenging. Good binoculars and infinite patience are mandatory, but even so equipped it is not uncommon for a newcomer to the ranch to glass over countless animals without seeing them. The terrain itself aids the game in this deception, distorting distances and perspective. The hills appear closer than they actually are, the canyons narrower, the ravines less steep. And the animals themselves, as I learned on a hunt there last fall, are never quite as large or as near as one thinks.

"See that rock straight ahead," Greer said, pointing to an outcropping in the distance. "That's called Sheep Rock because the ewes like to gather there when they have young. There are always a few rams around, too. See how many you can find."

At first there were none to be seen. The rock with its turrets and spires and redish ledges appeared empty of all life. Several birds flitted momentarily with one of its peaks, then flew on. I worked over the outcropping section by section with glasses but all I could see was rock. Greer laughed.

"I make out 17 on my first count," he said, "but I probably missed a few."

Bracing my elbows on my knees, I steadied the glasses and concentrated. The rock was as empty as before. Then my eye caught movement. It was no more than a flash, the flick of a tail, but suddenly everything was in proper perspective. There were sheep, just as Greer had said, all over the rock but they were mere specks compared to what I had been looking for or expecting to see. I realized that the rock had to be at least 10 times the size I originally thought it to be, and that it was considerably farther away than it seemed.

Through our glasses, three rams trotted onto the horizon in single file, the long hairs of their beards and chaps clearly visible. They paused for a moment and looked in our direction, unconcerned, then continued down the rock face, pay-

ing little heed to the ewes and lambs that watched them.

"Young bucks," Greer said. "They know they are safe around all those ewes. Just showing off for the ladies."

The old fellows, the trophies that make hunting the Hearst Ranch so suspenseful, are rarely so foolhardy. They stay away from the crowds, sometimes alone, sometimes in the company of one or two other old males, and they seldom silhouette themselves on horizons. Record heads are found on animals that are not only old but smart.

But even the smartest is occasionally outwitted by the formidable combination of Greer's skill and experience coupled with a modicum of luck. Cresting a hill north of the castle late one afternoon we came upon an old cattle track. Greer's attention was caught by a barely discernible depression in the sand. He squatted and moved the palm of his hand circularly over it.

"I can still feel the body heat," he whispered. "There was a sheep dusting here only seconds ago. They like to find a sandy place like this and roll in it to get the insects out of their chaps and manes."

Greer looked about, studying the nearby terrain. About 300 yards away the gnarled trunk of a madroña tree projected from a clump of brush. It was the only cover on the hillside. Greer motioned with his hand in the direction of the brush and started moving toward it. We stepped on tiptoe, pausing every few feet to look and listen. The only sound was my breathing.

Then, a few yards from the dark wall of thicket, Greer touched my arm and signaled me to go ahead of him and to the left of the brush. His mouth formed the word "move." I took several long strides, almost running, and skirted the edge of the thicket. An old ram rose clumsily to its feet, clearly startled. For an instant it looked at me with oval yellow eyes, as if not believing its sanctuary had been violated. Then it spun around, too late. The hunt was over.

Greer came up behind me, a broad grin on his face. "One thing about hunting these sheep," he said, "is that no matter how long you go after them, and no matter how well you think you know them, there is always one that will surprise you. That's what makes hunting here so interesting."

END



UNRANKED PRIOR TO THE SEASON,
NOTRE DAME HAS UPSET ONE BIGGIE
AND NOW LOOKS LIKE A BIGGIE ITSELF

Getting their Irish up

Whatever happened to tradition at Notre Dame? Instead of shamrocks, here is a far-out team with more code names than the Pentagon (plus a tougher schedule), uniforms designed in a Colorado ski shop, a run-amok hit squad called SWAT, a superstitious coach and a naughty pregame chant.

Most people figured this would be a season when Irish eyes were not smiling. Notre Dame lost three top players: Adrian Dantley signed with the Buffalo

DUCK WILLIAMS, HERO OF THE OVERTIME WIN AT MARYLAND, TOYS WITH CAL POLY POMONA.

Braves, Bill Laimbeer was declared scholastically ineligible and Bernard Renschler went to the parent firm's East Coast branch, St. John's.

So, largely ignored (one poll ranked them 29th), the Irish went about installing a series of defenses big on blind alleys, decided that a team that played together would stay together and slowly developed a coach's favorite intangible character. The result was that Notre Dame opened with an 80-79 overtime defeat of 16th-ranked Maryland, and last week Coach Digger Phelps looked anything but downcast. "It's like having a car without an engine when you've got to get to Chicago," he said. "It's tough. But come March, these kids will be in Chicago."

The road the Irish are taking would take the rear axle off most team buses. Notre Dame faces the most difficult schedule in the country. This month alone it plays UCLA, Indiana and Kentucky and, all told, has 10 games against teams listed in the preseason Top 20. Its itinerary includes stops in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Los Angeles and Milwaukee. The remarkable thing is that with most college coaches hiding behind scheduling corners, Phelps is standing out in the middle of the street flagging down every top school he can find, even though the Irish, as independents with no conference title to win, desperately need to rack up an impressive record to earn an invitation to the NCAA tournament. And by next year Phelps will have added North Carolina State to the schedule, the Boston Celtics and Denver Nuggets being ineligible.

Departing from the conservative tradition at South Bend, this team is on the wild side. Its flashy warmup jackets are modeled after a ski sweater Phelps saw in Vail, Colo., and its practices begin and end with taped dance music. The team uses a myriad of defenses, 11 at last count, and has a reserve unit called SWAT that includes a player with the lyrical name of Fabian. The SWAT team refuses to take orders from Phelps during games and obeys only a player nicknamed G.I. Joe. Then there is that mischievous chant when the players huddle, just before the tipoff. It goes,

"There once was a team from Notre Dame,
Who had acquired national fame.
Though ranked very low,
29th in one poll,
They went out and kicked tail
Every game."

G.I. Joe is Jeff Carpenter, who claims to be 20 but is craggy enough to have been at Pork Chop Hall. Carpenter is in charge of company morale. After a grueling three-hour practice one day last week, the Irish went through a strenuous 12-minute conditioning drill that culminated with the players running the arena steps. Carpenter not only led the team, but he also kept running until the laggards finished, then ordered the entire SWAT bunch to work on its shooting for an extra 20 minutes. The SWAT unit is composed of three walk-ons, junior Randy Haefner and Carpenter. "Once he takes command of SWAT, he doesn't have anything to do with me and I don't have anything to do with him," says Phelps. "SWAT, I love 'em."

The shock troops are just part of a motivational package devised by Phelps at summer think sessions in his favorite campus haunt, a small room behind an out-of-the-way chapel. The plan was part practical, part inspirational. By rotating nine players with Mixmaster speed, Notre Dame hopes to wear down opponents while confusing them with the different defenses. Phelps culled some of these from friends, and he calls out their codes while kneeling on the sidelines.

Phelps agreed to play disco music for the players at workouts, went along with them when they wanted to wear their practice socks for games, and invited tryouts from the student body. Although he cherishes them, not all of the coach's gimmicks have worked. A few years ago he held student tryouts and was amazed to discover that one of the final candidates was a truck driver from nearby Elkhart. Then there was the stirring moment in the locker room before a game when he played George C. Scott's speech from Patton. Notre Dame was down 18 at half-time that night.

Phelps is a convert to skiing who only recently learned not to yell "Fore!" when careening down the slopes. The sport reflects his demeanor and personality: a certain exactitude and attention to de-

continued

The Sensuous Tightwad.

That little rascal you see down there is Buick's new Skyhawk. And it's deceptive. Because beneath that slinky, devil-may-care exterior, there's a practical streak that would warm ol' Scrooge's heart.

A 1977 Skyhawk equipped with Buick's 3.8 litre V-6, an available 5-speed manual transmission, and a 2.56 axle ratio, was estimated by the EPA at 34 mpg on the highway. And 19 in the city.

Now, your mileage may vary according to your driving habits, the

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But think of it...34 mpg on the highway from a car that can actually make your heart beat faster.

Part of the fun is in the styling. Heck, it's reminiscent of some of the exotic GTs that do so nicely on European terrain.

But the fun is a bit more fundamental than mere looks. Skyhawk's seating consists of body-contoured, high-backed buckets. Its suspension

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And under the hood is Buick's famous V-6 engine. Like the Skyhawk it powers, the Buick V-6 has something of a dual personality. It's remarkably gutsy for an engine this small. In fact, it shares many design features with our Buick V-8's.

But with 25% fewer cylinders to feed than a V-8, it is as practical as it is zoomy.

Buick's new Skyhawk. Maybe you ought to see one in person. And drive one. Just to see how much fun a tightwad can be.



Dedicated to the Free Spirit in just about everyone.



tail surrounded by flamboyance, intelligence, earnest charm. Last week he had completed the game plans for both UCLA and Indiana, having had UCLA's first two games videotaped by a Los Angeles friend. He was in the office each day for long staff meetings—which were often interrupted by coaches calling for information and advice—then returned at night to look at more film. Always he kept up his public relations image, chatting with the faculty at lunch, passing out religious medals and leprochaun pins to students and promising to call a graduate school on behalf of a former team manager.

Despite his urbane manner, Phelps is bristled to superstition. For instance, he tries to keep track of what he is wearing when the team wins. Dark suits with vests currently lead the standings. And before the Maryland game a long string of events occurred that he considered fortuitous, ranging from finding a certain pack of matches in his desk drawer to a chance meeting with a member of the Spinners, one of the squad's favorite vocal groups.

Of course it might be noted that the coach finds an omen in almost everything but the sunrise. Last week, dressing for a game, he mused about wearing a red-white-and-blue striped tie to celebrate the Bicentennial. When he walked downstairs his wife Tern looked at him and said, "What are you doing, wearing your Bicentennial tie?"

Phelps was ecstatic. "See," he said later. "An omen. Everybody is picking up what we're trying to do."

A couple of things besides portents were evident last week when Notre Dame had an unusual break in the caliber of opposition while playing Cal Poly Pomona and Valparaiso. Although the Cal Poly center got into the spirit of things by practicing dunking two balls at once at halftime, the Irish beat the visitors 93-67. And then they overwhelmed Valparaiso 93-56. But it was clear that they were having to work hard to compensate for the absence of Dantley, Lamber and Rencher. Although Duck Williams and Bill Paterno are the scorers, the success of the team will hinge on how much help it gets from the center position. Junior pivot Dave Batten stayed in South Bend over the summer to lift barbells and work on his power move; he now weighs 235 pounds, almost 50 more than he did as a frosh, and he gives the team some second effort on the boards. The other news,

although guarded, is that senior center Toby Knight, after three years of on-ice court romance with the basket, seems at peace with his jump shot.

"We've got ourselves a team," said Knight. Everybody's working together. We have all the ingredients. It's like making a cake. It's hard to describe, but we feel it."

So even if, as Phelps says, the road is long, March is far off and the engine is missing, one thing is obvious: The Notre Dame fight song, although a bit muted, will not be the dirge that some had predicted.

THE WEEK

by KENT HANNON

WEST UCLA took on Jackson State for the first time since 1970 when Sidney Wicks battled Ains Gilmore in the NCAA finals. This time, however, most of the excitement was at the backcourt, where the Bruins have been without a consistent scoring threat for some time. Now they seem to have a pair of snipers in sophomore Guards Roy Hamilton and Brad Holland, who shot the Dolphins 2-1-2 zone to nibbets and led the way to a 99-68 UCLA victory.

Hamilton, a 6'2" lefty from Los Angeles, who adds drive and penetration to the UCLA offense, hit five of his first seven shots and finished with 15 points. Holland, a 6'3" student-body president from La Crescenta, Calif., earned six of his first eight and wound up with 18 points as Coach Gene Bartow substituted freely. "Our guards are getting the confidence they are going to need for us to be a Pac 8 contender," said Bartow. "Pack'em!" Clean Gene sounds more like the Wizard every day.

A wrestling match preceded the basketball game at Las Vegas when Nevada-Las Vegas and Oregon, but after all the rough stuff was over there was little to distinguish between the two sports. UCLA won both tests on strength, defeating Oregon in the basket ball war 78-67 as the Rebels went to the final two 51 times, the Ducks only six. Oregon Coach Dick Harter engaged in a five-to-five shouting match with Vegas Assistant Ralph Redout but Jerry Tarkenton said, "I admire the way they play." The Rebels ran their home-court winning streak to 42 games with a 115-80 posting of Iowa State. Guard Reggie Thoms scored 24 points and in two games won 27 for 30 from the free-throw line.

Oregon was in much better shape by the weekend, having won the Sun Devil Classic in Tempe, Ariz. by beating pretournament fa-

vorite Wichita State 71-69 and then jumping over Arizona State 87-47. Ducks Forward Greg Ballard, who wasted a 34-point 10-minute performance against Las Vegas, got 16 points and 15 rebounds in the ASU game to win the tournament MVP award. The Sun Devils' Mark Landsberger set a school record with 27 rebounds in their 86-65 opening-night triumph over San Diego State.

Arizona crushed a three-in-one week. Bob Tilmon, Benn Harris and Phil Taylor totaled 66 points to help beat Cal State-Fullerton 91-80. The Wildcats defense then held Oregon State without a field goal for nearly 10 minutes in an 81-73 victory in Corvallis. Tibbitt's 34 points in a 99-40 wipeout of Idaho gave him Arizona's career scoring record with 1,770 points.

James Hardy, a San Francisco forward who seemed to play in a game last year because of what he considered a lack of teamwork on the Dons, said he was delighted with the way things were going after a 58-rapped California Devils 120-71. "We're working together and that means a lot," said Hardy, who proved his point with four dunks including one behind the back. Just a little something for this, too, he added. His forward mate, Martin Redmond, gave a 58-rapped season of bragging rights in the Bay Area by scoring a total of 17 points in victories over California 193-70 and Stanford 73-59.

I wouldn't want to play Seattle a month from now," said relieved George Raveling after Washington State had fought back from a 27-0 deficit to win 76-68. Seattle, which started two freshmen and two sophomores, was hurt when its 7-foot-6, senior Jason Oldham got in foul trouble after scoring 14 points in the first half. His absence allowed State's 6'11½ Steve Pouloska, a 250-pound giant, to score 19 of his game-high 25 points in the second half.

In Las Vegas in the first big women's tournament of the year, Rebel forward Debra Waddy popped in 23 points to put away last year's national runner-up Indiana 92-85 and another 22 points in upset defeating champion Delta State 82-76. Lucy Harris, Delta's 6'3" center, fouled out with five minutes to play after scoring 17 points.

1. UCLA (3-0)

2. NEV-LAS VEGAS (3-0) 3. ARIZONA (4-0)

MIDWEST

Louisville's Ricky Gallion is turning out to be a quartet at best. The 6'11" junior was locked out of practice this fall for not going to class and from the manner in which he performed last week, Coach Denny Crum probably wishes he had kept him out. Gallion played inconsistently in the Cards' 81-76 overtime win at Vanderbilt, then provided only four points and four rebounds as Syracuse upset Louisville 76-75 before a record opening-game crowd of 16,332 in Freedom Hall. Indeed,

Continued

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Pall Mall 100's 10 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76.
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America's greatest native bird is fittingly commemorated in this limited-edition ceramic decanter containing 101 Proof Wild Turkey (No. 6 in a Series). Ideal for Christmas, the decanter is a valuable collector's item, exquisitely boxed for gift presentation.

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It marries the luxury of the Ford LTD with
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FORD LTD II

FORD DIVISION 

Now, in addition to the full-size Ford LTD, Ford also offers LTD's kind of quality and luxury in a sportier, trimmer car that's priced and handles like a mid-size.

Outside, the new trimmer, sportier lines of the LTD II set it apart from every other mid-size car.

But step inside, and you've stepped into a world that's very close to the full-size LTD.

Plush, comfortable seats. Tastefully elegant appointments. The satisfying luxury and the high level of workmanship that's become an LTD trademark.



There's no mistaking the smooth, comfortable ride of an LTD. It's a legend. And now LTD II gives you a ride that's very close to that legend. It uses the same basic kind of remarkably smooth riding suspension as Ford's most expensive car.

There's no mistaking the sporty spirit of the Mustang II. Even though the new LTD II is quiet and solid on the straightaway, its trim size means nimble handling and a fun feel for the road that's surprising in a luxurious, comfortable car.

Roominess is another pleasant surprise. While the trimmer size means

a trimmer mid-size price, and nimble handling, LTD II still gives you six-passenger comfort.

And even with its mid-size price LTD II comes with a long list of standard features. Automatic transmission, power steering, V-8 engine, power front disc brakes, steel-belted radials. And much more.

Economy is engineered in. You'll appreciate the way LTD II is designed for easy maintenance. The new LTD II incorporates Ford's time-tested maintenance improvements with new features like the DuraSpark Ignition system.

Discover how LTD II marries LTD's kind of quality and luxury with the sporty flair of a Mustang II.

Test drive LTD II soon at your local Ford Dealer.



FORD

When America needs
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Gallon was so unimposing that Crum may be the only coach an America who can replace a seven 7-footer with a 6'3" player—Darrell Griffith, the freshman everybody had come out to see—and pick up an edge in "size." Griffith, a great leaper from Louisville's Male High, gave the locals 11 points and several eye-opening moves in his home debut, but missed a jumper in the last three seconds that would have made it a night to remember. Forward Marty Byrnes led a balanced Syracuse attack with 17 points, while Wesley Cox put in 29 points for the losers.

The University of Cincinnati's early-season schedule is scarcely testing. Yet after the Bearcats had blasted three of their helpless opponents by 36, 68 and 34 points, Coach Gale Catlett had the severity to blame the sparse crowds (average 3,758) at the 17,000-seat Riverfront Coliseum on bad weather. "If I was a fan, I don't know if I would have come out," he said. For the record, Cincy's victims were Akron 195-59, Wright State (120-52) and South Florida (103-69). The Bearcat heroes were Guard Steve Collier, who tallied 22 points against Akron, running mate Gary Yoder, who sank seven of seven from the floor against Wright State, and Freshman Eddie Lee from Queens, N.Y., whose 20 points sank South Florida.

Host Missouri won the Show Me Classic for the fourth year in a row by beating Illinois 76-75 and North Texas State 97-84. Creighton got by Drake 81-80 and defeated Montana 74-65. Dral Roberts clobbered Nebraska Tulsa 106-62 and Abilene Christian 88-63. Southern Illinois dismantled a couple of outclassed opponents, destroying William Jewell 73-60 and Missouri-Kansas City 96-78, as sharpshooter Mike Glenn warmed up with 19- and 16-point nights.

1. CINCINNATI (3-0)

2. LOUISVILLE (1-1) 3. SD. ILLINOIS (3-0)

MIDEAST

The Big Ten is very big on its basketball floor these days, having placed two conference teams in the NCAA finals last year. However, Toledo and Miami of Ohio put a couple of shiners on two of the Big Ten's best. In Oxford, Ohio on Monday night, Miami Guard John Shoemaker's two late baskets stopped Purdue 69-67. But that was nothing to the furor in Toledo two nights later when the Rockets threw up an Indiana-like defensive net around Kent Benson & Co. and upset the Hoosiers 59-57 before 9,662 screaming partisans at the dedication game of the new Toledo arena.

The player who really put the seismograph around IU's neck, halting its regular-season winning streak at 58 games, was a man after Bobby Knight's own heart, 6'2" non-letterman Jeff Seemann, who scored nary a point but received the game ball for his scrappy defense. It was Seemann who pressured Knight's guards and made it difficult for them to get

the ball to Benson. Once he got the ball Kent made only five of 22 shots from the floor and scored 17 hard-earned points. Stan Jeplit topped Toledo with 21 points.

For Knight, who steamed afterward, "We got outstuffed...and I do not like getting outstuffed," the moral was clear: never invite an enemy into your own camp. Toledo Coach Bob Nichols traveled to Bloomington two years ago and spent several days with Knight watching IU practices, studying films and discussing coaching philosophies.

Purdue bounced back from an 0-2 start to beat Butler 77-56 and win at Providence 68-62 in overtime. Guard Eugene Parker hit a basket to tie the Friars and added six more points in overtime to even the Brother's Riders' record. Freshman Center Joe Barry Carroll, a 6'11" reserve from Colorado, totaled 33 rebounds in the three games. While all this was going on, top-rated Michigan was taking a physical beating from one of Dick Hunter's Oregon disciples, Dick Stewart, now the coach at Fordham. The Rams shoved, grabbed, held, tripped and even lost a man when freshman Tom Kavanagh low-bridged Wolverine Guard Steve Grote who was driving for an unmolested layup. Kavanagh was ejected from the game, and three teammates later fouled out. In the end it was Michigan 78-57, but Coach Johnny Orr was fuming. "When you tickle guys going to the basket, that's not physical," he said. "That upsets me. My guys aren't exactly patty-cakes either. I'm surprised Grote didn't pop that guy."

Alabama's "new look"—a motion, pass-oriented offense coupled with a pressing defense—has made it the hottest team in the country during the first two weeks. The Tide came from 11 behind with 12 minutes to play and blew out Purdue 97-80 two weeks ago, then won three times last week to run its record to 4-0. Everybody is pitching in to help at Bama, but Forward Reggie (Mule) King is carrying the biggest load, averaging nearly 20 points and 12 rebounds per game.

Tennessee played UNC-Charlotte minus Bernard King, whose suspension will be lifted earlier than expected, and without Coach Ray Mears, still hospitalized because of exhaustion. In the absence of these celebs, the Vols trotted out new football Coach Johnny Majors at halftime. Apparently, Majors' appearance produces victories wherever he goes, because Tennessee rallied from a 42-32 deficit to win 69-67 when freshman Center Reggie Johnson hit his seventh basket without a miss as the game clock wound down to 93.

Marquette outscored St. Leo 30-2 at one point, eventually winning 80-39 in a game that never should have been scheduled. Kentucky's margin was even wider in a 103-53 yawner over Texas Christian.

1. MICHIGAN (2-0)

2. KENTUCKY (2-0) 3. MARQUETTE (1-0)

EAST

COLUMBIA A MOUSE THAT ROARED, read one New York City headline after the Lions' stunning 85-75 upset of Rutgers, the second member of last year's final four to go down to defeat in as many nights. "No funny lines tonight, fellas," said an elated Tom Penders, the Columbia coach who made a habit of self-deprecating postgame remarks during 4-22 and 8-17 seasons. "I don't know if they were ready for us." Said 5'8" playmaker Alton Byrd.

Rutgers was aware that the Lions had fine young players in 6'5" Forward Juan Mitchell (26 points), Brooklyn's Rocky Free (19 points), Center Elmer Love (14 points) and Byrd (eight assists). What the Scarlet Knights weren't ready for was foul trouble. Their two big men, Jim Bailey and Abdel Anderson, went to the bench with three each in the first half. Bailey finished with three points and Anderson got none. Guard Ed Jordan shot 6 for 20 and committed nine turnovers in a rare confrontation with Eastern players that neither he nor his teammates could outrun. Columbia's fiery tale was played out in less than 48 hours, when Iona College named the Lions 84-69.

Elsewhere in the East, Nany's strongest front line in years held a 41-29 edge in rebounding over Penn and surprised the Quakers at Annapolis 71-67. What Georgetown Forward Al Dorch calls "that beautiful rhythm"—the Georgetown fast break—got the Hoyas back on track after a sluggish first half against St. Bonaventure. The running game created a 24-6 streak and a 76-60 win over the Bonnies. The Hoyas also beat Upstate 66-46. Holy Cross freshman Ronnie Perry Jr., son of the school's athletic director, made his home debut with 31 points in a 96-85 win over Vermont.

Lefty Driesell, never a tranquil figure on the bench, looks as menacing as Long John Silver since his Achilles tendon surgery. When Bull State recovered from a 14-point Maryland lead, Lefty beat the floor with his crutch. When the Cardinals closed to within four points late in the game he stomped with his good left leg and again whacked the floor with his crutch. All this seemed to spark Maryland to an 86-70 victory, but a pair of slow-down victories over LIU (49-45) and Princeton (58-45) threatened to burst Lefty's cast. The Blackbreds held the ball for 10½ minutes at one point. Said Lefty, "This game proves again that we need a 30-second clock." When reminded by a reporter that he had used a slow-down game to defeat South Carolina 31-30 in 1971, Driesell replied, "That was a conference game. We had to play them. I wouldn't schedule a team unless I thought I could play them."

North Carolina Coach Dean Smith used all 16 players in a 90-70 win over Marshall.

1. NORTH CAROLINA (2-1)

2. MARYLAND (3-1) 3. GEORGETOWN (2-0)

Bullish times in Birmin'ham

OFF THE ICE, ANYWAY, AS ALABAMANS DISCOVER THE HAT TRICK ON ICE, THE BULLS' MARKET HAS BEEN BEARISH



This is Birmin'ham, y'all. Sweet Home, Alabama. This is the heart of Dixie where signs on street corners proclaim the city as the FOOTBALL CAPITAL OF THE SOUTH, where grits 'n' biscuits 'n' gravy come with breakfast and where the smoke from the chimneys of the steel, coal and natural-gas mills smudges the skyline. And, now, where one or two nights a week in the lavish Birmingham-Jefferson Civic Center Coliseum

two flags hang from the scoreboard clock. One is the Stars and Stripes of the U.S. The other? No, not the Confederate flag. The Maple Leaf of Canada.

In its 82nd year, hockey has discovered Alabama. The team is the WHA's Birmingham Bulls—formerly known as the Ottawa Nationals and the Toronto Toros—and while none of the Bulls is as popular as one of Bear Bryant's centers, the townsfolk seem fascinated by the funny new game. "We don't understand all that swishy-swishy they do with the puck," says Mike Sammers, a local construction worker, "but as long as they kick some butts and win once in a while, they're the greatest thing to come here to Birmin'ham."

So, not surprisingly, the darlin' of Dixie is not an old NHLer like Frank Mahovlich or Paul Henderson, a kid star like Mark Napier or a Czechoslovakian refugee like Vaclav Nedomansky, but a 5' 7", 170-pound roughneck named Leapin' Louie Nistico. Leapin' Louie and the Bulls regularly fill about half the seats in the 16,753-seat Coliseum, but so far they lead the WHA in only two departments: payrolls and losses. They are in last place in the WHA's Eastern Division with an 8-20-1 record.

Hockey arrived in Birmingham in August, when Owner John Bassett, the Toronto speculator who gave Larry Csonka, Jim Knick and Paul Warfield a bundle to play in the World Football League, realized he would never sell enough tickets to survive as Toronto's other team, particularly when that other team—the Maple Leafs—owned the only building in town. "I saw this incredible facility here with no tenant and saw a city that, while small (296,000), had tremendous potential as a sports market," says Bas-

sett. "It was the biggest city in North America without a pro team it could call its own. And unlike, say, Atlanta, all people talk about here is sports. Birmingham led the WFL in attendance in 1974 and '75. They sell out for high schools. Alabama, Auburn, everything."

But hockey? "I was driving through Birmingham in the summer of 1975 and someone set me up for a television interview," says Napier, the 19-year-old right wing. "The first question was, 'What is hockey?' Later the guy mentioned they were building a rink. I said 'Good luck,' and thought to myself that someone had to be crazy. What would they do with a hockey rink in Alabama?"

"Well, here I am. I was skeptical when I arrived, but most everyone on the team has enjoyed it. The life here is small town, and the fans are really enthusiastic—the loudest I've ever heard, in fact when we give them something to cheer about." Some Toros were so skeptical about the Bulls' market that they declined to move to Birmingham. Defenseman Jim Dorey—a reluctant transfer—was traded to Quebec for Dale Hoganson, who has become the Bulls' best defenseman. And another defenseman, Barry Long, remained in snowy Edmonton rather than play in Alabama.

"It's a lot better for us here than it was in Toronto," says Right Wing Jeff Jacques. Jacques has become a regular old boy, installing a CB radio in his '76 Thunderbird. Unfortunately for Jacques, when freezing rain shut down all the interstates recently, forcing the players to take an unknown route over Red Mountain to their practice rink, he could not make contact with any C'Ber who knew how to get to the Osmoor Ice Lodge. So

continued



NAPIER, 19, COULD BE THE NEXT BOUTON

Now there's evidence. Connecticut General's performance in group dental insurance cited by dentists in recent independent survey*

If you're concerned with your company's group dental insurance, you owe it to yourself to look at these figures. They're the recent findings of a survey of dentists conducted by an independent professional association.

INSURANCE CARRIERS	GOOD ⁽²⁾	FAIR ⁽³⁾	POOR ⁽⁴⁾
Connecticut General Life Insurance Co.	83.9	15.9	1.1
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.	69.2	26.0	4.8
Ohio Medical Indemnity Plan	65.5	29.4	5.0
John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.	53.0	36.4	10.6
Blue Cross/Blue Shield of Michigan	50.9	38.3	10.8
Delta Dental Plan of Michigan	30.9	44.0	25.1
Aetna Life and Casualty	23.3	47.5	29.2

One of the things the association wanted to know was how well a number of group dental insurance companies were performing.

So, they surveyed almost 2,000⁽¹⁾ dentists serving a giant industry dental program in four Midwestern states: Michigan, Indiana, Missouri and Ohio.

This is what the survey asked:

"Please evaluate the general performance of the (insurance) carriers you deal with..."

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But don't think we got high marks because we gave away the store. All the companies in this dental contract provide essentially the same benefits. We're out to keep employer, employee and dentist happy. And that means reviewing costs, and emphasizing quality care, as well as giving prompt claim service. We want the employee to have the proper care at the proper cost.

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(1) 44.4% of this total replied.

(2) Good—Usually prompt, courteous, problem-free.

(3) Fair—Some problems but not chronic.

(4) Poor—Frequent problems.

Jacques drove into a filling station, got out of his car and asked for directions. "They just kept staring at me," Jacques says. "I had my hockey uniform on, and they didn't know what I was. I told them it was Halloween."

"The tradition here is The Bear and 'Bama,'" says Julian Bell, a regular customer at Bulls games. "In other words, hell-raiser and funny-bustin'." Or, as Bulls Executive Vice-President Peter McAskile says, "No hockey crowd in the world can drink beer with these fans."

The Bulls had planned to have the organist play Dixie at their first home game, but they changed their minds, preferring not to use any outlandish gimmickry. The favorite selections now are *Yeah, Alabama* and *War Eagle*, the fight songs of Alabama and Auburn, respectively. Leaving one game, a spectator complained to his date that hockey still wasn't football. She replied, "How many football players have made hat tricks?"

"The first thing the fans here really liked was the sound of guys crashing into the boards," says Natsico, the 23-year-old left wing. "They'd say, 'It must hurt when y'all hit them walls.'" So Lespin Louie, the league's shortest—and maybe widest—player, gives them what they want. He is greeted with chants of "Lou! Lou! Lou!" each time he hops onto the ice to set out on the search-and-destroy missions that keep the fans on their feet. So far, 75 of his 94 penalty minutes have been assessed in Birmingham.

The Coliseum fans bait the referees and treat opposing players like Killer Kowalski. On Thanksgiving night New England Coach Harry Neale grabbed a stick and invaded the crowd. Neale was calmed down by the police. The next day the police questioned Neale, and after the interrogation he jumped into a cab, screamed "Get me out of here!" to the driver—and a \$120 fare later—arrived in Atlanta. Neale is now known around the WHA as "David Janssen." Two Alabama state troopers were stationed behind the visiting team's bench at the next game in Birmingham.

McAskile and Public Relations Director Jim Finks Jr., the son of the general manager of the Chicago Bears, have given the Southerners a crash course in hockey. McAskile even conducted a seminar of 50 students at the University of Alabama's local campus. The Coliseum

message board flashes out explanations for such violations as "icing" and "off-sides" and warns the fans to "beware of flying pucks." The public address announcer explains complicated rules, and the program is mostly an instructional guide. The Birmingham media, which gives the Bulls second billing only to Southeastern Conference football, also has taken pains to help the Mike Summers appreciate the "swishy-swishy" as well as the funny-kickin'.

Education aside, the Bulls have tied their future to Napier, who already has earned a reputation as one of the game's bright young stars. Napier scored 43 goals as the WHA's Rookie of the Year last season and had 24 goals in his first 28 games this season. When Napier skates, he looks as though he is riding a horse, but his wide-track, bowlegged style provides exceptional balance. "No one in the WHA can accelerate and change speeds like Napier," says Bulls General Manager Gilles Leger.

"I think I could write a book about my life already," Napier says. He signed with the Toros when he was just 17, abandoning the junior Toronto Marlboros in a move that created a major hockey scandal. Napier was the first 17-year-old player to be signed by any pro club, and Bassett's checkbook had aroused the ire of his WHA colleagues as well as his NHL rivals. "Some of the friends I grew up with are still in high school—and look where I've been already," Napier says. "I think I'll do some kind of book like the one Jim Bouton did on baseball. I'll write about all that goes on in this game and all my experiences on the road."

Bassett recently appointed Napier captain of the Bulls, but Napier shrugs off the appointment. "It's an honor," he says, "but I don't believe in captains." Napier is more enthusiastic about the NHL's draft, for which he will finally be eligible next June. He will be among the first players selected in that lottery. "I can't wait," he says. "Look, I knew the NHL wouldn't touch me until I turned 20, but I felt I had nothing to gain by staying in juniors two more years. Bobby Orr was in the league at 18. It was a waste of time for Denis Potvin to stay in juniors his last two years. I've learned a lot more in the WHA than I would have learned with the Marlies."

Napier readily admits he still has a lot

to learn. "Until last week, no one had ever told me how to pick up my man on the wing or how to play any defense," he says. Team defense—or lack of it—is a continuing problem for the Bulls, who have given up more goals than any team in hockey the last year and a half. Pat Kelly, a tough product of the semipro leagues, recently replaced Leger as coach and has been emphasizing defense. "Now we're finally talking about having a system," says Forward Dave Gorman.

Birmingham's best player has been Goaltender John Garrett, whose sky-scraping goals-against average (3.75) hardly reflects his performances. "I've earned the red badge of courage," Garrett said after a recent 3-1 win over Cincinnati in which he stopped 34 shots, including one that left him with a huge red lump on his chest. "Let's just say that some nights my job really isn't the best in the world."

McAskile, who runs local operations for Bassett, maintains that the Bulls need only two things to survive in Birmingham: "a team that hits and wins." But, he says, "We haven't offered either so far." In fact, the Bulls have won only seven of their 17 home games. Birmingham has been hampered by the loss of 38-year-old Frank Mahovlich, who tore ligaments in his right knee on Nov. 13 and now may retire, and the ineffectiveness of the experienced Paul Henderson, who has scored only five goals. Meanwhile, Czech defectors Václav Nedomansky and Richard Farda worry about their status as landed immigrants in Canada when they are playing hockey and living in Alabama. Nedomansky is far behind his pace of 1975-76 when he scored 52 goals, and the Bulls have been trying to trade him to a Canadian team. Another obvious problem is that the Bulls' leadership is supposed to come from a teen-ager.

"When we get all this straightened out," says McAskile, "I think we'll be the one franchise south of the Mason-Dixon Line that is strong. Considering everything, we've done well to average 7,500. The schedule has really hurt us from conflicts with the World Series to 10 home dates in November, when football is at its peak."

"You know what would really help us?" says Finks. "To get Bear Bryant and his players to come to one of our games." Sweet Home, Alabama.

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Caught up in the Christmas rush

A CONTINENT APART, O. J. SIMPSON AND
WALTER PAYTON CHASED AN NFL TITLE

Fittingly enough, the battle was fought at the farthest reaches of pro football's America.

In Miami, on his third run from scrimmage, O. J. Simpson darts for the hole between guard and tackle, finds it cluttered, and sweeps around left end for 75 yards and a touchdown.

In Seattle, as if telepathically in touch with his rival, Walter Payton pops for nine yards on a halfback draw, follows up with a 10-yard burst over center and then swings right for a 19-yard gain that sets up a touchdown.

Simpson stagnates for a bit—at least he seems stagnant—with 10 runs averaging merely four yards apiece. Then, early in the second half, he tries left end again for 19. Next, a pitchout that produces 16 more yards.

In the third quarter, Payton stays on the sidelines most of the time, exhausted, but returns to shoot right end for 18—only to have the run called back by a penalty. Still, he hangs in—eight yards, six, three, three, four, then a 36-yard spurt with a pitchout. With time running out, the message board in the humid Kingdome flashes word that Simpson has finished his day's work and taken the NFL rushing lead by three yards. Payton, who had sat out the previous series, goes back in with 38 seconds to play. He carries three times for 12 yards, ending



THE ARCE'S 203 YARDS NARROWED THE GAP

the game with a five-yard thrust off left tackle.

Final score: O. J. Simpson 203 yards, Walter Payton 183. Along the way last Sunday, if anyone was really interested, the Miami Dolphins beat the Buffalo Bills 45-27 and the Chicago Bears manhandled the Seattle Seahawks 34-7. But the



MITCHELL DROPPED OUT WITH A PALTRY 54

PRO
FOOTBALL / Robert F. Jones



PAYTON GOT 183 BUT STILL LOST GROUND

real battle was between the NFL's two leading rushers, Payton, who has led the league since early in the season, had the best day of his two-year pro career but still lost 20 yards to the fast-charging Simpson. Payton ended the afternoon with 1,341 yards on the ground—nine more than O.J.'s 1,332.

As the transcontinental combat so vividly demonstrates, 1976 has been the year of the running back. With only one week-

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PRO FOOTBALL continued

end of the regular season remaining, eight men have already broken the once meaningful 1,000-yard mark, while three or four others need only average performances to surpass it in the final game. Besides Payton, who runs against Denver in his last game, and Simpson, who closes against Baltimore, this year's Grand Gang includes the Colts' Lydell Mitchell (1,166), Los Angeles' Lawrence McCutcheon (1,144), San Francisco's Delvin Williams (1,116), Minnesota's Chuck Foreman (1,077), Washington's Mike Thomas (1,035) and Pittsburgh's Franco Harris (1,024). Within shooting distance of 1,000 yards are Cleveland's Gregg Pruitt (who would probably be there now had he not been hampered by injuries in recent games), Denver's Otis Armstrong, Oakland's Mark van Eeghen and Pittsburgh's Rocky Bleier. New England's Sam Cunningham was headed for 1,000 yards until he hurt his shoulder, his replacement, Don Calhoun, has gained 540 yards in the last four games, giving the Patriots 1,325 yards from one position.

This year more players have run for 100 yards in a game than ever before. Along with the dozen players at or near 1,000, 31 others have rushed for 100 or more in at least one game. In the 181 games played so far, 43 players have rushed for 100 yards or more 93 times. Payton leads with seven such games, followed by Simpson with six and both Harris and Williams with five.

In addition to the group statistics, there has been at least one individual performance this season that borders on the miraculous: Simpson ripping the Detroit Lions wide open for 273 yards on Thanksgiving. That broke the professional record of 250 yards he held jointly with Spec Sanders, who played for the New York Yankees of the AAF. What made the new record more impressive was the fact that only four days earlier, Payton had been held to only 40 yards in 17 carries by the stingy Lions, who then were leading the NFC in defense against the run. It also boosted Simpson, for whom this once looked to be a lost season, into the AFC's rushing lead for the first time this season.

Up to that point, Mitchell had been the AFC leader. Last weekend, for a little more than 24 hours, Mitchell was back on top, both in the conference and the league. That, though, was a fluke of scheduling. Mitchell gained only 54 yards against St. Louis in a Saturday game

that the Colts lost 24-17, but he still took a slim lead over both Payton and Simpson.

Of the three main contenders for the rushing title, Mitchell, who had his—and Baltimore's—first 1,000-yard-plus season in 1975, is the smallest (5'11", 190 pounds) and the slowest (he barely breaks five seconds in the 40-yard dash)—and the only one who will be in the playoffs. He is shifter in an open field than Payton, and nearly as deceptive as Simpson. Mitchell also is one of the most durable backs in the business. His running style helps. "I run with my legs together, in a shorter stride than most other backs," he says. "That way I don't get caught with a leg out in front where somebody gets a good shot at my knee. I learned my first year that you can't run over people in this league—at least I can't. I try to give a tackler my side, rather than let him hit me head on. Like a boxer, I roll and turn to get my shoulder into his. Another thing, I'm blessed with a flexible body. When people bend me, I may stretch, but I don't break." His medical record attests to that: he has not had a single serious injury in five years of play. "The last time Lydell needed a trainer," says Baltimore Trainer Ed Block, "was when his mother changed his diapers."

While Mitchell and Simpson are known quantities, Payton, who had 679 yards as a rookie, is a fresh set of feet to contend with. At 22, he is the youngest Bear on a young and coming squad. Scarcely a "Monster of the Midway" at 5'10½", 211 pounds, he is nonetheless deceptively strong. "He's not a small back," says Chicago Offensive Backfield Coach Fred O'Connor. "He's just a short back. If he stood 6'2", he'd weigh 230." Quiet, almost dreamy off the field, Payton explodes from his set like a grenade from an M-79 launcher. When the middle is glugged, he can spin outside in three quick steps and turn the flank.

It was just such an impromptu performance that made him the first Bear since Gale Sayers (in 1969) to gain 1,000 yards in a season. The record run came on a third-and-one call in Chicago territory during a game against the Green Bay Packers at Soldier Field. The middle closed up, so Payton whipped around right end for 42 yards. When the public-address announcer uttered the magical words that Payton had passed 1,000 yards, Bear fans and players alike went berserk. Guard Noah Jackson headed

continued

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PRO FOOTBALL *(continued)*

straight for the football and stole it for Payton. "You got to be thinking about these things," he said later. Then he went off into the mud muddle, bellowing, "One grand for our man!"

The joy of the Bear offensive line is a reflection of Payton's consideration for his blockers. At Jackson State, where he set an NCAA record of 464 points, Payton always took a lineman with him whenever he was interviewed, a practice he maintains to this day. The holic punchers also appreciate how he gives one of them the football to spike every time he scores (12 touchdowns so far this season). Usually the spiker is Guard Revie Sorey, because he gets there first. "We don't get to be in the limelight very often," he says. Sorey is also the most creative spiker on the squad. Customarily, he delivers a smashing overhead, but once he pretended the ball was a bomb. Revie placed the ball gently in the end zone, then stared at it along with Jackson, slowly backing away and hissing. Then they ran off shouting "Pow!" and waving their arms wildly.

Payton is duly humble in the presence of established greatness. "It's an honor competing against O. J. Simpson," he says. "Or a challenge—a whole lot of stuff mixed into one. I always thought O. J. and Jim Brown and Gale Sayers were the premier running backs of all time. To be able to compete on the same level, that's really an honor. There's a lot I have still to learn—it's a never-ending process. I just hope I can adapt as fast as O. J. did. When he went over 2,000 yards in 1973, I was still in college. I walked around the campus saying that 2,000 yards in the NFL was my next goal, but I was just kidding. Now I kind of wonder if I might ever be able to reach that. Records are made to be broken."

No one is more surprised at Simpson's presence near the top of the rushing heap this season than the Juice himself. "It's hard for me to look at the 'Simpson-Payton-Mitchell Battle' as a battle," he says. "Since I felt that I was having one of the worst years of my career until a few weeks ago. It surprised me that one good game could put me ahead of most of the guys and move me so close to Payton. I'd been reading what a super year Walter is having, while I'd been depressed about the season I was having. I see where Lydell says he's the best back in the league now. That doesn't bother me, because I know Lydell. But I've never

continued

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felt any need to claim that I was the top back. People make their own judgments on things like that."

O.J. is candid about his motivation in recent weeks. "The only thing left for me is yardage," he admits—a pointed reference to Buffalo's 2-11 record. "I thought I'd be doing well to gain 900 yards, when you consider that I didn't report until the night before our opening game; when you consider that we've spent more than half the season without a fullback who can block like our injured Jim Braxton; when you consider our absence of a passing game since Joe Ferguson got hurt; and when you consider that I got thrown out of one game in the first quarter."

Simpson missed most of the New England game last month when he was given the thumb for punching Mel Lundford, a Patriots defensive lineman whom the Juice accused of roughing him up after the whistle. O.J. gained a whopping eight yards in that game, to go with totals of 28, 38 and 39 in his first three outings, 53 in the first Jets game and a puny (for him) 78 against Dallas. Yet he has now gone over 100 six times—and 200 twice. "I wasn't as mad about getting thrown out of the New England game at the time it happened as I am now when I realize how much it might cost me," he says.

When it became evident that the Bills were going nowhere in 1976, O.J. sat down with his Electric Company line to talk future goals. "One thing we discussed was having a shot at Jim Brown's all-time yardage record of 12,312." At present Simpson has 9,455. "I felt I had to have 1,500 yards both this year and next in order to break it, because I may slack off by 1978 and need the leeway."

Whether O.J. needs the leeway or not, and regardless of who wins the "Mover of the Year" trophy from Imperial Van Lines as the best running back, the Juice will remain the top rusher in the eyes of those "people who make their own judgments on things like that."

One such person who recently made his own judgment was Paul Naumoff, the 10-year linebacker of the Detroit Lions. As Simpson came through the Lions' locker room on his way to an interview following the Thanksgiving romp, Naumoff looked up and asked wryly, "Are you in here to contribute Christmas hams to our linebackers?"

O.J. just grinned and gave Naumoff a shove.

END

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71

Fiercely flow the Dons

SWIRLING PAST CLEMSON AND INDIANA.
SAN FRANCISCO WINS THE NCAA TITLE

erful and black as a limousine, for Clemson recruits almost exclusively in Ghana, Guyana, Nigeria and Jamaica. Here, certainly, was a side that would be happier with couscous, conch and the insanely spiced Jamaican meat pies.

Next Jim Lennox' Hartwick College team was introduced. A strong defensive club, winner of the New York Division with a 15-0-1 record and ranked No. 3 in the nation, it was made up almost exclusively of local and British players. They looked modish, with long hair and body shirts, in flagrant imitation of an English first-division professional team. Roast beef and Yorkshire pudding for these lads.

When they sat down, Jerry Yeagley's University of Indiana, the outfit everybody insisted on referring to as the "Cinderella team," took a bow. Upset winners over St. Louis and other Midwest soccer powers, Indiana finished the season 17-0-1 to gain the No. 2 ranking in the nation. With one important exception, the Hoosiers were genuine Midwestern American products. They might have liked the dinner.

And, finally, there were Steve Negroesco's University of San Francisco Dons, a mélange of Norwegians, Nigerians, Guyanese, English and Californians. USF was the defending NCAA champion, but this year was ranked only No. 6 nationally. Perhaps Negroesco typified the Dons, a Greek-Orthodox Romanian leading the Jesuit school's polyglot side. Negroesco fancies Italian food.

On Saturday, the day after the banquet, Hartwick faced Indiana in the first of back-to-back semifinals before 4,215 half-frozen fans in Penn's cavernous Franklin Field. Through the first half, the Hoosiers' hard-charging, be-first-to-the-ball midfielders contained Hartwick's sophisticated play, but barely. Playing two-on-one, and sometimes three-on-one defensively, IU ran the risk of break-aways by Hartwick's explosive forwards.

But the threat never materialized. In the first half, heavily favored Hartwick, which had allowed only seven goals in its 16 regular-season games, and Indiana, which had scored 92 times in its 18 games, played scoreless ball.

After halftime, however, Indiana unveiled its prime weapon. Angelo DiBernardo is a freshman and a native of Argentina who has lived in Chicago for the past five years. He is a striker of awesome agility and speed and has the deadliest toe in the Midwest (SI. Nov. 15). Yeagley explained why DiBernardo had not appeared in the first half. "We only use Angelo when we have to," he said. "He has a double groin pull and keeps getting re injured. We decided that if we were down 1-0, or scoreless at the half, we'd use him."

With 8:43 gone in the half, DiBernardo took a pass 30 yards out on the left sideline and, controlling the ball with a deft South American touch, streaked inside and downfield. Two Hartwick defenders came up to meet him at the penalty line. DiBernardo simply stopped dead, letting the Hartwick players follow the trickling ball, then ran around them, pulled it in and shot hard past the outstretched goalie for the score.

In a minute and a half, Hartwick returned the favor. Midfielder Joey Ryan heading in a shot that glanced downward off the crossbar and past IU's diminutive goalie, Cary Feld.

But a minute later DiBernardo decided the game for IU, netting a weak shot to make the score 2-1. Although Hartwick controlled the final 30 minutes of play, being awarded numerous corner kicks, free kicks and throw-ins—mostly because IU's bruising tactics kept drawing referees' whistles—they failed to score. Even the likes of Fullback Glenn Myernick, a U.S. Olympic team member, couldn't overcome what DiBernardo had done. Wrapped in a football storm coat, DiBernardo was back on the sideline after only 30 minutes on the field.

Hartwick's loss gave rise to displays of bile. Hartwick's Lennox was violent on the subject of AstroTurf, the surface at Penn. Neither Hartwick nor Clemson had played on the synthetic before. Clemson's Ibrahim was most acid. "It's not a great invention," he fumed. "In fact, it's the loudest surface I've ever seen in my life. It favored Indiana because they practice on it and play their home

crossed

ATJUGRU SCORED THE FINAL 5 ONLY GOAL

The food at the dinner for U.S. college soccer panjandrums, assorted hangers-on and the coaches and players of the four teams that had reached the semifinals of last week's NCAA championships in Philadelphia was bland as bland—tasteless beef and potatoes followed by Jell-O. So utterly insipid was it all that one could be excused for wondering how the food had gone down with the four teams, for each of them, at least, had a distinctive flavor.

First there was the No. 1-ranked team in the nation, Dr. Ibrahim M. Ibrahim's Clemson Tigers from the Southern Division, whose 18-0-1 record was the best in the NCAA. When the chemistry professor's team rose to be introduced to the rest of the diners, it was as sleek, pow-

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5. Adopt health insurance benefit plans which provide incentives for outpatient and preventive care, stress the importance of patient education, and stimulate more cost consciousness on the part of patients and physicians.
6. Expand to all patients the scope of Professional Standards Review Organizations, which by law presently monitor

necessity for treatment and quality of care only for Medicare and Medicaid patients.

7. Foster competition in the health field to help the development of better systems for the delivery of care.

8. Support efforts to achieve a more equal distribution of physicians by specialty and geographic area, especially those who provide basic care.

9. Encourage people to accept greater personal responsibility for developing good health habits, in the interest of preserving their own health.

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For the full text of the statement by the health insurance companies of America before the Council on Wage and Price Stability, write to the Health Insurance Institute, 277 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

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SOCCER *continued*

games on it. And everybody knows that Indiana is here on a fluke. They aren't in championship class."

Jerry Yeagley offered a soft-spoken rejoinder to that: "Everybody thinks we're dumb to keep playing over our heads," he said. "I think we are worse than that—we're stupid. We keep winning."

A day earlier the irascible Ibrahim had fired a broadside at the NCAA itself—an ever-popular target with many soccer powers and a particular favorite of the nation's No. 1 team. "It is typical of the NCAA to have the tournament on artificial turf, and to have it in a division that doesn't have a team playing," he said. "For the past 10 years the Midwest and Far West have drawn byes because the association says that the travel expenses for them in the first round are too much. Nonsense. The byes should rotate. And the host site should always draw a bye to ensure a large local crowd." This year, as it turned out, the two teams that met in the final were the ones that had drawn byes.

Beginning at 2:30 p.m. Saturday Ibrahim had more immediate problems than NCAA policy, however—namely, Steve Negroesco and his USF Dons, featuring Andy Atuegbu, a 5'7", 170-pound junior midfielder from Nigeria who rightly deserved his 1975 MVP award in the playoffs for his generally scintillating play in USF's 4-0 championship game win over Southern Illinois.

Against Clemson, USF used an odd but brilliant defense to counter a team that had scored 100 goals in its 19 games. The Dons, who had 12 shutouts in regular-season play, rigged up a baffling 2-4-4 alignment, which Negroesco undertook to explain afterward: "We form a defensive wedge against Clemson, which has so many players of great individual ball-handling capabilities," he said. "This forces them to the sidelines, where we can kick the ball out. They win a lot of throw-ins but they can't break away. They have tremendous finesse, perfect touch, but if they have no center-field room, they can't work through us."

The first half of the game hardly looked like soccer. USF's tall, tough Norwegian backs didn't even have to jump to head the ball away from their goal as Clemson, abandoning its superb passing game, tried long arching kicks over the opposing midfield. Long periods passed during which the ball never touched the ground, kept in the air high above the

continued



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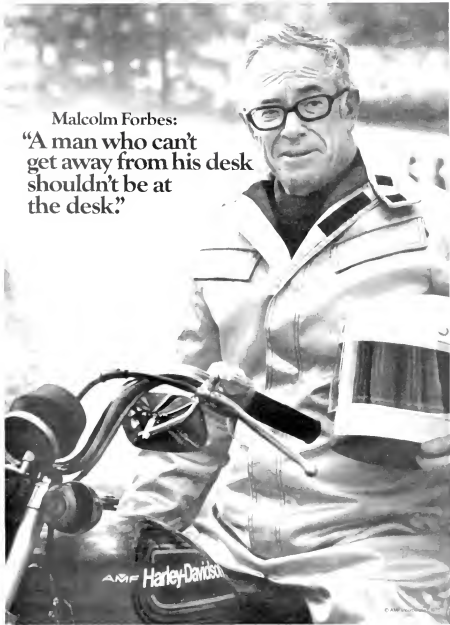
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Q. Aren't there times when an executive just can't leave?

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Q. Why is recreation necessary?

A. It's a form of therapy. Few people can keep at the same thing day in and day out. You need a mental and physical change. Recreation is not only enjoyable, it's essential.

Q. Some people say they simply cannot get away.

A. They're either kidding themselves or they're very poor executives. At FORBES, the true test of an executive is not only what happens while he's there, but also while he's not there.

Q. How about just lying around? Isn't that change enough?

A. No. The mind never rests. You need to occupy it with something new, or it will go on

thinking about the job. Play tennis. Golf. Ride a motorcycle. Something with interest, something competitive. It'll help your work.

Q. How?

A. Recreation is a *requisite* for work. At FORBES, we have a recreation program. We have a full-time gym and a paddle tennis court. Our people are urged to use them on *company time*.

Q. Why?

A. They come back refreshed, with a better perspective. Recreation and work are concomitants.

Q. What do you advise for us who don't work at FORBES?

A. Make it happen on your own. Recognize that recreation is necessary and useful. Look at it this way: Work is earning a living—recreation is the living you've earned. One who never learns to enjoy recreation is living very little.

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hated AstroTurf by multiple opposing headers.

Less than 12 minutes into the second half, however, USF managed to get the ball down on the synthetic turf, enough for John Brooks, a talented freshman midfielder, to race forward from his position and surprise the Clemson defenders by taking a perfectly placed pass from the amazing Atuegbu, go straight through a defender and place a hard kick behind Tiger Goalie Denis Carrington. Though Brooks comes from England, he resembles one of the USF's Norwegians: he is 6' 2" and strong. Clemson pressed a disorganized attack, but the Dons' flying wedge held on to win 1-0.

In the steamy locker room, Negroesco wagged a finger at his ecstatic players. "Don't get a big head," he chided. "If you do, you'll fall on your butt. Hartwick didn't cover DiBernardo enough, and he'll be there tomorrow looking down your throats. You'll have to shut him off, and shut off his feeders. So don't go around on tippy-toe, O.K."

Brooks, who was recruited by USF while in this country visiting his brother, asked in awe, "Is DiBernardo that good? What about his mates? Is he all there is to them?"

Sunday afternoon, after Hartwick had subdued Clemson 4-3 in the consolation game for third place, Negroesco's warning and Brooks' concern paid off. The championship game pitted the experienced, controlled defensive play of USF against Indiana's raw hustle. Relying on sheer will and teamwork, the Hoosiers traded scoring opportunities with the Dons through most of the first half. But with 10 minutes left, the ball came to Atuegbu, and 6,000 fans saw the Nigerians accelerate quickly, his wingmen spreading out to draw defenders away, and from 25 yards out let go a thumping lofty shot that arched over IU's fullbacks and smashed into the netting high to the right of Goalie Feld. That ended the scoring for the afternoon.

The formidable DiBernardo was denied the ball all day by Brooks. Said Negroesco after the 1-0 win, "I told John, 'Never let him have the ball. It's a simple assignment. If he goes to the bathroom, you go with him.' And it worked."

Said Indiana's Yeagley, "San Francisco has everything—speed, touch, experience. But now that we have had a taste of life here at the top, we like it. We'll be back."

END

What every amateur should know: Why professional photographers are switching to the new Olympus cameras.



A new 35mm SLR that's one-third lighter and smaller.

Professional photographers have been complaining for years that 35mm SLR cameras had become too big, too heavy and too noisy. But there was nothing they could do about it. Until the introduction of the incredible Olympus OM-1 camera. It was one third smaller and lighter than existing cameras, and much quieter. A few professionals tried it to see if it was rugged enough and versatile enough. It was. And very quickly both professionals and amateurs made the Olympus OM-1 a world-wide success.

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Now history repeats itself. Olympus introduces the OM-2, an automatic 35mm SLR system camera. The photographer sets the aperture and the camera makes the exposure—automatically. But again—an incredibly small, light and quiet camera.

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Both Olympus cameras are part of a huge system of more than 200 accessories, including lenses from 8mm fisheye to 3000mm telephoto, interchangeable viewing screens, and motor drives. You can start shooting beautiful pictures with the basic camera and keep going. You may even become a pro. See a demonstration at your Olympus dealer.

OLYMPUS

The sign of these cats is V

COTTON BOWL-BOUND HOUSTON, 2-8
LAST YEAR, FINISHES UP 9-2 IN 1976

This was it, the year Houston finally became eligible to win the Southwest Conference championship. Irony. For years they had popped in and out of the Top 20, and one afternoon back in 1968 the free-wheeling Cougars scored 100 points. But suddenly last season Houston staggered to 2-8. So the coaches of the conference favorites, Texas, Texas A&M and Arkansas—Durrell Royal, Emory Bellard and Frank Broyles—spent their summers worrying about beating each other or the upstart Texas Tech and Baylor. And the SWC writers, who so often guess wrong, heard few complaints

about their annual poll in which the Cougars were picked to finish sixth.

But last Saturday in the Astrodome—on the same day that Texas beat Arkansas 29-12 to finish fifth in the SWC (Arkansas was sixth) and Texas Tech defeated Baylor 24-21 to become conference co-champions—there was poor little ole Houston whipping up on Miami (Fla.) to finish the season 9-2, and with only one conference loss—to Arkansas—heading triumphantly to meet Maryland in the Cotton Bowl. Now how did all this happen?

That the Cougars beat Miami at all is



WHITLEY IS THE VITAL KEY ON DEFENSE



FLASHY DAVIS RAN FOR TWO TOUCHDOWNS

and two long touchdown passes. Houston Linebacker David Hodge left the game in the second quarter after taking a shot in the head. Defensive End Vincent Greenwood, the right side of the Cougar pass rush, had a sore back and didn't play at all. And still Houston won.

Alois Blackwell, the leading Cougar runner, had the second-best game of his career, 170 yards in 24 carries, including a 28-yard burst for a touchdown that gave Houston a 21-10 lead. Danny Davis scored on runs of four and 25 yards, completed eight of 18 passes for 127 yards and operated the veer in a way that suggests he might be the quickest, flashiest option quarterback in the country. Cornerback Anthony Francis killed two Miami drives by intercepting his ninth and 10th passes of the year, tying an SWC record and becoming the nation's leading interceptor. The defense yielded 440 yards, its third-highest total this season, but clamped down when it mattered.

With three minutes to play, Miami trailed 21-16. Then the Hurricanes' Bryan Ferguson took a punt on his 41, cut to the right sideline and finally got pushed out of bounds at the Houston 15. Miami inched to the three—first and goal. Glover called a pass play. But as he backpedaled with the snap, 6' 3", 269-pound Tackle Wilson Whitley came bursting through the line and grabbed Glover's jersey. The quarterback let loose a wobbler toward the end zone. Cougar Linebacker Willis Williams intercepted the pass, ran it out to the 13, and Houston ran out the clock.

Whitley is the heart of Houston's defense and last week was named one of four finalists for the Vince Lombardi Award, which goes to the nation's outstanding lineman. "You defense Whitley with two big men," says Texas Tech's Steve Sloan. "and give them some no-vocaine."

Six months ago Houston Coach Bill Yeoman had no idea his team could be a winner. True, he had 18 starters returning from the 2-8 club and Whitley had recovered from a long-term knee strain, but what he mainly had was just about the same team—except it was a year older—that had scored 18 points a game in 1975 while yielding an average

continued

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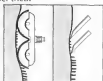
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of 27, both "worsts" in Yeoman's 14-year coaching career. Moreover, the Cougars had lost to Rice and SMU, no SWC powerhouses, and were shut out by North Texas State, a so-so independent. Yeoman swanched a few offensive linemen, flip-flopped Tight End Don Bass and Split End Eddie Foster—because Foster, the little guy, blocked better—and replaced his 4-3 defense with a 5-2 to cover up a shortage of tackles and guards. It was no big deal, nothing complicated. Davis, a soph redshirt in '75, won the quarterback job from Bubba McGallion, who had completed only 47 of 103 passes and had 11 picked off. Later on in the season, freshman Elvis Bradley filled a vulnerable free-safety spot, and 6'3" Melvin Jones, another freshman, alternated with Robert Oglesby at nose guard. That was it.

"The trouble with kids today is that they're too serious," Yeoman said on the morning before the Miami game. He sat at his desk, feet up, surrounded by photos of Houston's 17 All-Americans, wishing he were playing golf. A reporter was asking him to explain the Cougar turnaround. "If a kid's life isn't planned out by the time he's 14, he's a nervous wreck," Yeoman continued.

"But coach," the reporter persisted, "what about the turnaround?"

"When I was their age," he said, "I used to sit on a fence for two hours just watching the sun set."

What Yeoman meant was that he had a potentially potent team last year. But after losing three of their first four games, the players, the too-serious players, got nervous and little mistakes were magnified. The kicking team alone gave up three touchdowns that were directly responsible for two losses. Arguments erupted in the huddle. A starting tackle quit. "We were probably the best two-win team in the country," Yeoman said. "This year I hoped we'd be competitive, but after shooting eight blanks, I didn't know what to expect."

The Cougars started off by upsetting Baylor. Although Florida crushed them 49-14, the following week they whipped favored Texas A&M 21-10, limiting Aggie fullback George Woodward to 15 yards rushing, 129 below his average. The defense had arrived. The 14-7 loss at Arkansas was followed by a 28-point thrashing of TCU. By November, Houston was

continued

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rolling and the campus came alive. Somebody started painting victory scores on the front doors of the administration building. The next score on the door was Houston 30, Texas 0—a game that ended a 42-game Longhorn home-win streak. The Houston alumni association tried to round up enough fans to fill a charter flight to Lubbock for the Texas Tech game, and came up with enough to fill five airplanes. The Cougars toppled unbeaten Texas Tech 27-19 to tie for the SWC lead. Then they polished off Rice 42-20 to secure it.

For 25 years Houston had politicked and upgraded entrance requirements and every year had its SWC membership application rejected. The school had good teams, all right, but the feeling was that few of the athletes could have hacked it academically at SWC institutions. In 1964 Houston became the first major football university in Texas to recruit blacks, a step many felt further damaged its chances for admittance to the SWC. The Cougar basketball team was a juggernaut from 1964 to 1968 with players like Elvin Hayes and Don Chaney, and many think Houston's requests for admission during that period were deftly piggybacked. But back in 1963, pushed by rising costs, Houston had joined the Texas State System of Higher Education, thereby becoming a state school. This made it difficult for its fellow state schools—Texas, A&M, Tech—to exclude it from the SWC, and an invitation to join the league was extended in 1971. As is normal in such situations, one stipulation was that the Cougars couldn't compete for quite a while in football (five years) and basketball (four years).

"Cotton Bowl thoughts haven't hit me yet," Yeoman said in his office. "I'm relieved more than excited. Maybe in five years I'll feel the impact of what this team did. But right now I'm just thrilled we didn't have another loser."

One day last January Davis showed up at Camp Fun, the Cougar weight-training program, wearing a new gray T shirt with black lettering that read: 1976 SWC CHAMPS. The quarterback wore the shirt in every conference game. After the Miami win he was asked if he planned to wear it again next year. Davis thought a moment. "Nope," he finally answered, "I'm getting me a new one. It's going to say: 1977 NATIONAL CHAMPS."

END



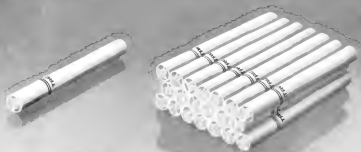
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THE TRAGEDY ON GONDOLA II

Gliding jauntily above the fresh snow at Vail, the brightly colored cars packed with skiers began their ascent to the top of the Colorado resort. Then came the rumble of disaster

BY WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON



CONTINUED



Less than three minutes after the cars had fallen 125 feet, a ski patrolman radioed "Major medical emergency."

A few minutes before 9:30 a.m. on Friday, March 26, 1976, two gondola cars, each carrying a capacity load of six skiers, plunged 125 feet to the ground at Colorado's Vail ski resort. Three people were killed immediately, two teen-age girls and a housewife. A young man died two days later in a hospital in Denver. The other eight skiers were injured, some severely. It was the worst ski-area accident in U.S. history.

On the cables high above the wrecked gondolas, two more cars smashed together and hung precariously from the line—one held aloft by a single strip of steel one-eighth of an inch thick. At intervals up and down the line, 31 other fiber-glass cars, painted a variety of colors and loaded with skiers, dangled like beads from their cables, some of them 230 feet in the air. One hundred and seventy-six people were stranded.

Here is what happened that Friday in Vail.

No day had ever been more perfect for skiing. Four to eight inches of fresh snow had fallen Thursday night and the morning sky was a deep blue. The temperature was climbing through the 20s. The mountain loomed over Vail, sun-splashed and immaculate, its trails and runs carpeted with feathery snow. The village had been filled with people all week, because this was the spring school break for much of the country, and on Friday morning the town was alive with that special energy that permeates every ski resort when there is new powder snow on the mountain and the sun is on the rise. The ski patrol was up early and on the job.

Last March the ski patrol at Vail consisted of 29 full-time professionals, a proud bunch bonded by an intensity of fraternal esteem and a touch of swagger. Vail was one of the first U.S. ski areas to have a professional ski patrol, and it became known as one of the best. Each member is trained in advanced first aid; they take the same 82-hour course ambulance drivers do. They are qualified to treat cardiac cases, to give intravenous treatments, to give morphine and Demerol injections and to handle any medical emergency. Patrolmen also have to master mountain skills ranging from snowmobile repair to avalanche rescue, from storm search techniques to gondola and chair-lift evacuation. The best-paid patrolmen make \$1,200 a month.

On the day before the gondolas fell, the patrol had handled 14 accidents on the mountain; two involved broken legs, one a shoulder fracture, seven were knee injuries and the rest various bruises.

Early Friday morning, while the patrolmen checked in at their stations on the mountain, a long line of skiers formed at the base terminal of Gondola II, one of two gondola lift systems at the resort. Almost all the cars were filled to their capacity of six.

Around 9:10 a.m., Ira Potashner, 41, a vice-president of a market research corporation from New York City, and his friend Arnold Cordis, 46, a market planning and research manager from Rochester, N.Y., boarded a red car. They sat together on one side, facing up the hill. Four young men got into the car with them. They were all friends: John Manley, 19, Steve Meoli, 18; John Conians, 20; and Greg

Dietrich, 19, all of Wayland, Mass. Each car on the line was numbered, though they didn't run in sequence. This was Car No. 25.

The next car in line, Car No. 67, was loaded with three couples who had met a week earlier. They had decided to ski together on the day of the accident. Next came Gene Reese, 45, an assistant lumberyard manager from Custer, S.D., his wife Darlene, 42, and his sister, Mrs. John Anderson, 37, of Longmont, Colo. The Reeses and Mrs. Anderson got into a yellow car, No. 60, and they were joined by three girls, the Pasterkamp sisters, Janice, 14, and Carol, 18, from Englewood, Colo., and Carol's roommate from Calvin College in Grand Rapids, Mich., Karen Toggman, 19, whose home was in Palos Park, Ill. Along with Richard Pasterkamp, 47, the sisters' father, the girls had driven from the Pasterkamps' condominium in Dillon, 30 miles away across Vail Pass.

While the girls waited in line, Pasterkamp went to buy lift tickets. By the time he returned, the queue waiting to board the gondola had grown even longer. "The attendants asked me not to crack the line," said Pasterkamp, "so I gave the girls their tickets and I went over to take the chair lifts up and meet them at Eagle's Nest [the top terminal for Gondola II] when they got up there." The three girls sat on one side of the gondola, the Reese party on the other.

The gondola cars are small and relatively cramped, with six people inside, their knees almost touch. There are windows all around. The door is latched from the outside by an attendant before the car takes off; another attendant at the top opens it. Skis are carried in small bins outside the car; the skiers carry their poles.

At about 9:15 Car No. 60 began its ascent. And the first faint signs of trouble began to appear. There is a chair lift that runs up the Lionshead section parallel to Gondola II. It is about 50 feet away, across a run called Bwana, and anyone riding the chair lift can easily see and hear the cars on the gondola as they ascend the cables in graceful arcs between a series of huge steel towers. The attendant at the top of the chair lift was Greg Bemis; he recalled that a little after 9:15 a skier who had just got off reported that he had heard rumblings along the gondola cable. Then two more skiers came by and said the cars were making weird noises as they went over Tower No. 4. Bemis telephoned patrolman Roger Hesselstine, who was manning the telephone and radio console at the summit. Hesselstine phoned a maintenance foreman to report the noise.

At approximately the same time, two gondola operators at Eagle's Nest—Richard Broecker and Tom Sutton—were getting the first puzzled and anxious reports from off-loading passengers. A skier told them a strand of wire was hanging from one of the gondola cables at Tower 4. "He was not alarmed," Broecker recalled. He and Sutton thought it might be a strand of grease or a length of string. This sort of thing had been reported before.

But back down the cable line, passengers began to feel that something was radically wrong. Skier Stewart Evans recalled, "Our car bounced five or six times as it approached Tower 4. We all exclaimed and looked up. We noted the cable was frayed. I was first out of the car at the top and im-

mediately told the operator. He said, 'We know it,' and went on to unload the next car. I proceeded outside to put on my skis. Then the lift stopped."

There had been still another report of a violent bounce at Tower 4, and Sutton had switched off the gondola machinery. As a matter of routine, he took the last passenger who had reported the trouble into the ski patrol office to talk with patrolmen Dennis Mikonis and Dave Stanish. Mikonis recalled, "The passenger said the strand was hanging down 30 to 40 feet. I asked him if it was on the side the cars were coming up on and he said, 'Yup.' My partner called radio control to tell them the gondola was shut down—that's routine. I got on the radio and started calling for a maintenance man to contact me by telephone. I didn't want to say anything about unraveling cables on the radio because the system goes all over the mountain. I didn't want to start any false alarms. We logged this report at 9:23 a.m. We were told to stand by, and 10 seconds later we had another call from dispatcher Hesselstine who said, 'We have a report that two cars are on the ground near Tower 5.' We immediately went down to rescue."

Bill Brandstetter, 19, a skier from New Jersey, recalled, "Through the trees I heard, then saw, a gondola car bang hard against the tower, veer away, then slam against it again. I saw sparks and an odd white powder, like snow. I watched as it shuddered and then, like an apple from a tree—no, like a feather—the car simply separated and fell slowly. Then a second car approached and slammed into the jammed arm on the tower. There were people inside. They bent their fists against the glass. Then it, too, fell. I didn't see it hit. The trees obscured my view..."

Ira Potashner, who was in Car No. 25, the first to fall, recalled, "We reached one tower and the noise was much greater than usual and there was a lot more buffeting. Then we hit the next tower and it seemed as if we got stuck. There was a great deal of shaking, almost as if we were in a container that somebody was shaking. There was a lot of screaming inside... and we were dropping!"

Greg Dietrich, another skier in Car No. 25, recalled, "The ride started to get really rough. It made us all look up at Eagle's Nest, thinking, hoping, that we could make it there. We all thought we could. Then we approached the next tower, and the car started banging against it. The car banged against it and slid back and banged against it again and slid back and banged against it again; like all the windows were busting out and everything."

Meanwhile, Gene Reese and the others in Car No. 60 were taking an awful buffeting over the unraveled cable at Tower 4. "The whole car was just jumping up and down, vibrating and making one hellish commotion," he recalled. "I turned around to see if I could make out a number on the tower above us and just as I turned I saw it. And my sister saw it at the same time. The first car fell. It went tumbling down. Everybody in our car got panicky because by then we were really vibrating. The girls—the other girls—turned around and looked and they saw this car tumbling. They started screaming and hollering. And I yelled, 'Everybody sit down!' I said, 'Maybe they'll get it stopped!' So everybody sat down and we kept getting closer to the tow-

continued

er, and that other car [Car No. 67] was jammed up on it now. The thing was just ajumpin' and ajerkin'. Now I thought to myself, 'Well, maybe we'll hit that car and drive it on through the tower and then we'll be hung up. And then they'll get it shut off.' And just about that time we hit. Oh, God, did we ever hit! I saw the fiber-glass kind of shattering and then we just tipped off. We just kind of pitched over. I screamed, 'Everybody put your head between your knees!' Just about that time we smacked and we hit. That's the last thing I remember until I came to on my head."

U.S. Forest Service investigators worked for several weeks to reconstruct the sequence of events. They interviewed dozens of witnesses, workers and victims and compiled a detailed report.

The report states that a lengthening strand of "track" cable had come loose at Tower 4. The cable is stationary and acts as a track for the four wheels atop each gondola. The cable is made of layers of tightly wrapped strands of steel, woven together to form the smoothest possible surface for the wheels. The weight of the gondola plus six passengers (some 1,900 pounds) had further unraveled the strand and had broken several more strands. Before the system was shut down, about 115 feet of cable had partially unraveled. These strands snagged and dragged at the wheels, causing violent shaking as each car went past.

The cars are pulled up the hill at about 8 mph by a heavily braided moving cable just below the track cable. Each car is clamped to this haul cable by steel jaws.

Several cars were pulled across the unraveled section at Tower 4 and went on up the hill. Then came the red Car No. 25 carrying the four young friends and the two men from New York. At this point the frayed cable untracked the front set of wheels on the gondola's roof. But the haul cable continued dragging Car 25 between Tower 4 and Tower 5, a distance of 1,150 feet. Here the derailed wheels jammed and the gondola could not go past Tower 5. The tremendous updrag of the haul cable kept trying to pull the car uphill. The iron jaws of the clamps loosened. The car was pulled violently against the tower, then fell back, then struck the tower again. Banging into the tower, it made dull explosive sounds that could be heard on the chair lift across nearby Born Free ski run.

Finally, the jaws broke and the heavy braided haul cable was freed. It kept moving steadily, grinding and filing against the wheel carriage. It began working as a saw, chewing through the steel support that kept the car hanging on the line.

Finally, the haul cable severed the support. Car 25 plunged into the snow below. Its sawed-off wheel carriage was left hanging, a tangled mass blocking the way through Tower 5. No more cars could move through. As they arrived they jammed up. Their clamps were wrenched loose and the haul cable started sawing away at the supports.

The next gondola in line was Car 67, carrying the three couples. It ran into the tangled carriage left when Car 25 fell. The jaws on the haul cable broke. The cable began its sawing action, steadily cutting. Then the sawing stopped—no one yet knows why—with one-eighth of an inch remaining, as the car behind it, yellow No. 60 carrying the

Reeses and the three girls, glided up the cable. Now Car 67, its clamps broken, began to slide backward down the haul cable. It smashed into oncoming Car 60.

Somewhere Car 67, dangling by its thread of steel, stayed aloft. But Car 60 jumped off the line. Its wheel carriage remained attached to the car top. As it fell, the weight of the carriage tipped the car over and it landed upside down in the snow 23 feet up the hill from Car 25. The impact forced the carriage through the car roof, lethally battering the passengers on their heads just as they hit the ground.

Above, Car 67 was sliding farther down the cable. Another car was rolling up toward it, but at this point the entire system was shut off. Almost gently, the two cars slapped together, then hung motionless, about 40 feet down the hill from the tangle of metal that was blocking the passage through Tower 5.

An unidentified woman skiing Born Free had watched the two cars fall. She skied to one of the emergency phones that dot the trails. Dispatcher Hesselstine took her message. She was hysterical.

Hesselstine had her repeat the message twice just to make sure. She spoke in a foreign accent and was hard to understand. Hesselstine knew that the gondola had been shut down. He radioed: "Eagle's Nest. Report two gondolas down on Tower 5. Investigate and notify please." The call was picked up by the walkie-talkies and radios of the ski patrol. Hesselstine also alerted 15 patrolmen in the room next to him. "Everybody get ready," he said. Then he called John Murphy, assistant patrol director, at the patrol office at the bottom of Lionshead. He said, "Some lady just called to say two gondolas fell-off the line."

Tower 5 is about 680 yards down the hill from Eagle's Nest. Patrolmen Mikottis and Stanish hurriedly put on their red patrol parkas. Stanish took a walkie-talkie and stepped into his skis. He grabbed a toboggan equipped with blankets and splints and raced down the sunny slope to the scene. Mikottis stayed behind to load a collapsible steel-backboard stretcher and a special emergency trauma kit on another toboggan. Two minutes after Stanish disappeared down the hill, Mikottis also was on his way, pulling his toboggan. Less than three minutes had elapsed since the cars fell.

Dave Stanish got to the scene and saw the cars on the ground. He glanced up and saw the two cars hanging precariously above. He looked into the gondola nearest the base of Tower 5. "It was a gory mess inside," he recalled. "I looked at the car down the hill. There was a guy just crawling out of a window. There was a lot of moaning. I yelled down to him, 'Is anyone killed in there?' He said no. I radioed in: 'Major medical emergency! Major medical emergency!' It was the ultimate alarm that I could come up with."

Within seconds Hesselstine transmitted an all-points bulletin of the disaster at Lionshead over the Vail Associates' radio system and by telephone. Drivers of the mountain-grooming cars and tractors heard it. Offices of the ski school heard it. The Vail police department, fire department and the medical clinic got the word. Ambulance drivers started their vehicles. Pete Burnett, head of the Vail Public Works

Department, heard it, and within moments had snowplow crews on the mile-long back-street route where ambulances would be shuttling victims from the lower mountain to the clinic. "I want those streets plowed down and shaved so clear you can see asphalt!" yelled Burnett. Within two minutes there was activity all over the village and mountain in response to Dave Stanish's cry of alarm.

Jim Fish, 40, a cat driver who had just finished hauling supplies to the restaurant at Eagle's Nest, gunned his tractor down the hill to Tower 5, leaped off his car and followed Stanish to the two cars. "One car was upside down," he said. "Stanish was checking things real quick to see who was worst off. I went down to the other car. This car was buried and the door wouldn't come open. I had a little short shovel from the cat and I dug and dug like crazy. The door was still stuck shut, so I grabbed it and I twisted it off. Then I went back to the other car. Stanish was in it already. I reached in and got one guy by the belt. The people were heaped inside there like spaghetti. The thing was to try to get them some air. They were on top of each other."

Mikottis arrived and went to help Stanish, who had forced his way into the uphill car, No. 60, which had landed upside down. "When I got in there, there wasn't much room and I tried to break the window to get more access," Stanish said. "There wasn't much treatment we could do. I checked all the life signs and cleaned out some blood and mucus from a couple of people who were hurt. Mainly we just tried to get them out without hurting them any more than they already were."

"We could see right away two people were dead," Mikottis said. "The younger girl was under them. She was bleeding heavily from the mouth. She was breathing in shallow gasps. When Dave had the windows kicked out, we moved a guy that was on top of her and started trying to get some of the other people off her. Just then a guy skied over. He identified himself as a doctor and he said, 'Don't move them. I think they have broken necks.' And I said, 'If we don't move 'em out, that girl is going to die under them.'" The skiing doctor moved to help the other wounded.

Moments later, another doctor arrived with his wife, who said she was a nurse. Together, she and Mikottis worked over Janice Pusterkamp. The nurse began mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, while Mikottis pumped at the girl's heart. There was no hope; the internal bleeding was too heavy. Janice died.

Tourists and a couple of other cat drivers arrived on the scene, and they asked if they could help. The snow was waist-deep since the area was not in the customary line of skiing and had not been packed. Once ski patrolmen and rescuers stepped out of their skins, they sank to their waists in the soft snow, floundering about as they tried to help. The deep snow had acted as a cushion for the falling cars and possibly saved lives, but for the rescuers it was nightmarish. Mikottis shouted to some skiers to stamp out an area where the injured could be laid out.

Stanish and Mikottis and the skiing doctors sorted out the more critically hurt, most of whom were unconscious, and began administering first aid. "We kept working, taking care of the worst-injured people, trying to keep ev-

erybody alive," recalled Mikottis. "I knew more patrolmen would be coming in a couple of minutes. Every time I saw a red jacket—I didn't need to see the face—I knew things were getting better."

Within moments, half a dozen patrolmen were on the scene. Some had brought toboggans to carry the injured down. Some carried packs with first-aid kits and narcotics. They began helping Stanish, Mikottis and the doctors with splints, backboards, shots of Demerol and morphine. Ski instructors who had heard the call and cat drivers began cordoning off the accident area with the help of volunteers. No more than 10 minutes had passed since the cars fell.

The first and most critical decision made by Stanish and Mikottis was that they would give only the most essential first-aid treatment at the scene, just enough to stabilize the injured for a quick trip by cat or toboggan down the mountain to the Vail Valley Medical Center.

The Vail clinic is uniquely equipped to handle ski accidents—the area averages 1,400 ski injuries a season—but

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MCALAN



Stranded skiers were lowered by patrolmen who "biked" out on cable

although the clinic can attend to routine fractures and injuries, it has no facilities for major surgery and no way of surgically treating serious head and spine injuries. Thus, when the clinic administrator, Chuck Tubbs, was told that two cars were down, he telephoned St. Anthony's Hospital in Denver. He asked it to dispatch its Flight for Life helicopters to Vail and its fixed-wing craft to nearby Eagle airport for evacuation of the injured. Because the weather was perfect, this was a matter of only 40 minutes' flying time for the helicopters, up over the Great Divide and directly onto the parking lot behind the clinic. Had there been storms over the Rockies, a caravan of ambulances and vans would have had to carry the injured to hospitals at Leadville or Grand Junction, 50 and 130 miles away.

When the first call came to the clinic at about 9:30, four doctors were seeing patients. Though they are accustomed to being interrupted to work on injured skiers brought to the clinic, it is rare that physicians are summoned to the mountain. But once the clinic knew that two cars and 12 people were down, two doctors were dispatched to the scene. Dr. Thomas Steinberg, 52, who had moved to Vail from Metuchen, N.J. in 1965, donned a parka and a pair of after-ski boots and rushed to the ambulance garage. In his bag was an extra quantity of pain-killing drugs. With him was Dr. William Holm, 38, a native of Minnesota who had moved his practice to Vail in 1971. Both rode in the ambulance to a prearranged pick-up point where Forest Road dead-ends just below the Born Free ski run. The doctors were to be met by a snowmobile or a cat, which would drive them up the mountain.

So quickly did they arrive—three minutes after the first call for help, according to Dr. Steinberg—that there was no vehicle there to transport them. After waiting a couple of minutes, a snowmobile driven by ski patrolman Lou Livingston came roaring up. Dr. Steinberg climbed on behind, and Livingston asked where he was supposed to go. "Up there!" shouted Steinberg, pointing up Born Free, and the snowmobile went bucking and snarling up the mountain. Dr. Holm waited below with a supply of back splints, a suction machine and other bulky equipment until a cat arrived to pick him up.

Dr. Steinberg estimated that he arrived at the accident scene less than 15 minutes after the cars fell. "The ski patrol was completely in control when I got there," he recalled. "By the time I arrived, they had already sent four people down by toboggan—the four worst injured. There were already eight patrolmen working plus the two doctors who happened to ski by."

Dr. Steinberg was briefed by Stanish and Mikotits: they had given narcotics to two patients, two others needed immediate treatment. Steinberg looked at Gene Reese, who had been dragged out of Car 60 with a bad facial cut and painful back, head and abdominal injuries, and vetoed a pain-killer shot because of the head injury. Steinberg then gave Steve Meoli from Car 25 a shot of Demerol, eased his dislocated shoulder into its socket, and helped ski patrolmen put a stabilizing splint on his fractured leg. All the while, the doctor was floundering about in the waist-deep snow. "It was like a bad dream," he said. "It was so dif-

ficult to move around. Then after a while I forgot about it."

The injuries suffered in the two cars were quite different. Unlike Car 60, Car 25 landed right side up, and the shock of the impact was transmitted up through the spines and internal organs of its passengers. Among the nine survivors of the two cars, there were two fractured spines, one dislocated spine, a bruised and lacerated liver and spleen, a fractured skull, a critical concussion, a dislocated shoulder and a nearly severed arm—as well as simple fractures, dislocations, bruised organs, wrenched muscles and concussions. The dead at the scene—Mrs. Darlene Reese, Karen Togtman and Janice Pasterkamp—had all been dealt massive head injuries in Car 60.

As the doctors and patrolmen worked with the injured, many skiers offered to help. Among them was Dick Pasterkamp, completely unaware that the victims included his two daughters and their friend.

He recalled, "When I heard there was trouble, I was at Eagle's Nest waiting for the girls to come up and I never thought they were involved. I skied down, saw the crowd and decided maybe I could help. I had some first-aid training years ago. I helped carry some people and load them on toboggans. I was there quite a while and I think I even helped carry Mrs. Anderson and that fellow Reese, who were with my kids. I was real impressed with the way the ski patrol handled the injured. I stayed until most everyone was out. The dead were there, but they were covered. I never thought for a moment that my kids were involved in this. I skied down the mountain and I called my wife in Dillon and said, 'If you hear about this on TV don't worry, it's not our kids.' That's what I told her. That's what I believed."

At about 10 a.m., Dr. Holm arrived in a cat at the base of Tower 5. Within moments, he was on the way down the mountain with two injured strapped to the vehicle. Gene Reese was groaning on a steel stretcher. Steve Meoli was in less obvious agony, probably because of the drugs he had been given. Dr. Holm recalled, "It was a terribly rough ride, straight down the mountain. The cats were very uncomfortable. I think people who were taken down on toboggans were much more comfortable." An ambulance was waiting at Forest Road to take the doctor and the two victims to the clinic.

The six most badly injured victims were now being treated in the clinic. The three less seriously hurt were wrapped in blankets and brought down on toboggans with ski patrolmen and ski instructors shepherding them. When they reached the clinic, about an hour had elapsed since the cars fell. A short time later the bodies of the dead arrived. Each was put in a separate room.

At this point, no one in the clinic knew any of the victims' names; people often don't bother to carry identification when they ski. The injured were labeled by wristbands that said "Girl No. 1," "Man No. 2," etc. The acting head nurse, Peggy Jacobsgaard, 30, whose husband Jim is a ski patrolman, had begun preparing for the victims' arrival the instant the report came through. "I just ad-libbed," she said. Dr. Steinberg said, "Peggy was the most golden of them all."

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Realizing that there could be as many as (but no more than) 12 victims, Mrs. Jacobsgaard had set up an emergency ward in the clinic lobby. She had a dozen beds carried there and rolled in emergency crash carts loaded with high trauma equipment. She summoned off-duty nurses, as well as a number of retired nurses. She arranged to clear the X-ray facilities, all emergency equipment. She got out forms for tabulating the injuries and the treatments diagnosed for individual patients and organized the receptionists and secretaries to keep records on the incoming patients. As word of the accident spread through the expensive condominiums and posh apartments of the rich little resort, doctors began arriving to volunteer their services. Soon there were 30 or 35 doctor-volunteers on hand. Peggy Jacobsgaard arranged for one secretary to interview each physician, making notes on his specialty, background, emergency experience. When the first patients were brought in, Jacobsgaard assisted the clinic physicians in the "triage" duty, meaning the designation of who should be treated first, how and by which doctor.

Each patient ultimately had at least one doctor and one nurse in attendance. In a waiting room beyond the bed-filled lobby was a kind of bullpen of medical talent—some two dozen doctors drinking coffee and chatting as they waited to see if they would be needed. Some were badly needed. When it was found that Arnold Cordes' condition was rapidly deteriorating because of internal bleeding in the area of his liver and spleen, a specialist was on hand to take the case. When Gene Reese required 28 stitches to close a yawning slash across his forehead, there was a plastic surgeon to handle the sutures.

The first helicopter arrived from Denver shortly after 11 a.m. The victims who were loaded aboard were Arnold Cordes, whose internal injuries were rapidly worsening, and Carol Pasterkamp. She was in a deep coma from a blow to her head. She was unconscious, yet tossing herself about violently while doctors and nurses tried to calm her so they could take X rays. When she was finally calmed, it was discovered that inside her down parka, her right arm had been nearly amputated by some part of the car.

By noon, barely 2½ hours after the accident, she and Cordes had been flown over the Rockies and were under treatment at St. Anthony's Hospital in Denver. The evacuations to Denver continued until 2:30, the helicopters landing in a parking lot behind the clinic. At one point, a press chopper dropped down, forcing a hospital helicopter to swerve off and hover while an argument between Vail officials and a reporter about "the public's right to know" ensued. Ultimately the newsmen and his pilot took off, allowing the evacuation of victims to continue.

The names of the victims were not known until well into the day. Phone lines were snarled throughout Vail as hundreds of people telephoned from all over the U.S. to ask about children or friends who may have been on Gondola II. A crowd of some 200 anxious people assembled in front of the clinic, waiting for news and the names of the injured and the dead.

Gradually, one by one, the victims became known. The body of Mrs. Reese was identified an hour after it reached

the clinic, by an odd quirk of fate, a retired nurse who came in to help had been at dinner with the Reeses the night before and she was able to identify Mrs. Reese. Finally, there were only the three young girls—two dead, the third in a deep coma in Denver.

Michael Carlisle, 29, the fire chief of Vail, is also the county coroner. It was his duty to identify the two dead girls. "Eventually, we figured it would boil down to a process of elimination," he said. "But that meant we might have to wait until all the cars still on the line were evacuated to see who was missing. We got a list of the girls' clothing and belongings and we wrote down hair color, eyes, height, weight and had it Xeroxed so if anyone called, we'd be able to check specifics. We took Polaroid pictures of their faces. Eventually, we knew someone would come asking about them."

After helping at the accident scene, Dick Pasterkamp had stayed at the bottom of Gondola II, hoping the girls would come down after they were evacuated from their car. "I stayed there until maybe almost two o'clock," he recalled. "I asked here and there if anyone had seen them. Finally a guy asked me if I had anybody missing, and I said, yes, I had three girls missing, but I was pretty positive they weren't hurt. See, I didn't know that they had some people still unidentified, so I never gave it a thought. I gave the fellow my name and a quick description of the girls. He left."

"He returned in a few minutes and asked me to go over to the clinic. It still never dawned on me that my kids could be involved. I thought, well, sure it's possible to have one person unidentified but never three. There were all these people outside the clinic. The door was locked, but I knocked. A man named Tubbs took me to his office and gave me a list of the clothes Carol had been wearing. Well, it still didn't register because part of her outfit belonged to her aunt. I called my wife in Dillon and asked her what the girls had been wearing. She told me, but I kept trying to throw her off balance, to make sure there was no mistake. There wasn't any, and I hung up and said the clothes belonged to my daughter Carol. It was then they told me that they had this party badly hurt down at St. Anthony's."

"That registered. But as soon as I got that, the coroner walked in. He showed me two Polaroid pictures. They were of Janice and Karen. Then he asked me what the patch on my shoulder stood for. It was a special patch, a wooden shoe and some skis. Ten years ago a bunch of us, 10 couples all of Dutch ancestry, had it made up when we skied together. The coroner said one of the dead girls had a patch like that on her parka."

"He asked me if I wanted to make positive identification of the bodies. I said no. I said that if my wife called back to tell her I'd already left and not to mention anything about the kids. The coroner called Karen's sister-in-law in Denver and I took off for Dillon."

Coroner Carlisle and Clinic Administrator Tubbs spoke to a state trooper after Dick Pasterkamp left. They asked him to trail the bereaved father the 30 miles back across Vail Pass to Dillon. "He had taken such blows," said Tubbs, "we just wanted to be sure he didn't do something to him-

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GONDOLA II continued

self." There was no reason to worry: Dick Pasterkamp, a tall, burly blond man, slow-talking and calm, a devout member of the Christian Reformed Church, was as solid as Vail Mountain itself that day and remained in control through Janice's funeral and Carol's pain-racked recovery. By 3 p.m., the work with the injured and the dead at the clinic had come to an end.

On the mountain, the ski patrol was still laboring to bring down the 176 people trapped in the 31 cars that hung high above the ground. When Patrol Director Paul Testwuide arrived at the scene of the accident, he looked at the line of cars hanging up and down the mountain for the full 9,274-foot length of the gondola. Contemplating their evacuation, he told a patrolman, "We're going to be working in the dark."

The Vail patrol has drilled for years on evacuating the gondolas. They had never had to do it, but every patrolman had to be able to perform such a rescue. To evacuate a gondola a patrolman has to climb a 135-foot tower, carrying an evacuation "bike" on his back. This is a small steel contraption with rolling wheels that lock on to the track cable. The rider stands on foot pieces, hangs below the cable and glides along it to a disabled car. Attached to a safety sling, he then climbs onto the slanting roof of the car with slippery ski boots, leans over and tells the trapped occupants what to do. It is a high-wire performance as daring as a trapeze act. But the ski patrolmen of Vail like to ride the bikes for fun and exhibition. On St. Patrick's Day, nine days before the accident, they had performed a series of spine-chilling training races down the cables of Vail's Gondola I for crowds of skiers, riding their bikes like madmen and reaching speeds of up to 40 mph—all at heights of 50 to 70 feet.

Now at the base of Tower 5, Patrolman Richard (Chupa) Nelson looped a length of rope and a length of chain 'around his neck and strapped an evacuation bike to his back. It was roughly 10:30 a.m. Inside Car No. 57 were Dr. and Mrs. Richard Cooper of Woodbridge, Conn., the Stephen Beckermans of Livingston, N.J. and the Allen Comptons of Lithia Springs, Ga. They had been sitting there for more than an hour. They

knew exactly how slender was the strip of steel that kept them from plummeting to the snow, for Beckerman had stuck his head out a window and looked at it. "We hung there cockeyed," Steve Beckerman recalled. "If the wind had blown or we had moved one foot either way, we would have fallen." The six passengers could hear the moans from the injured below. They could hear the conversations of ski patrolmen working on the injured, hearing them telling each other that they would have to move the victims aside in case any of the cars above fell. The three couples sat perfectly still—and perfectly silent for a time. "We were even afraid to talk, as though our voices might shake the car," said Mrs. Beckerman. "We all braced ourselves," said Mrs. Cooper, "because we knew our car was going to drop. We knew we were going to go down."

John Murphy, 29, assistant ski patrol director, climbed Tower 5 to see what could be done with Car 67. The tower is 126 feet high and the rungs are small round steel rods. Ski patrolmen climb it wearing heavy rigid ski boots, approximately the equivalent of having a large hard plaster cast on each foot and ankle. Murphy was asked how it was possible to clamber about on slippery cold steel so confidently in such footwear. "It's nothing," he said. "Your toes just seem to grow and grow until they're out there gripping the rungs right through your ski boots."

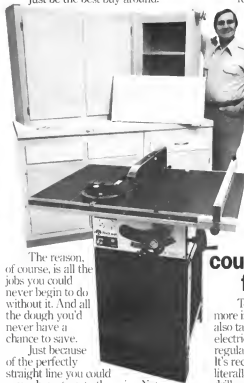
Murphy realized the car had to be stabilized by binding it to the cable. He climbed down and talked to Chupa Nelson. They agreed that Chupa would pass his rope, then his chain through the windows of the car and make them fast on the cable. Murphy and Nelson climbed the tower. They inched out on the girders closest to the car. Then Nelson attached his bicycle to the cables and rolled down the 40 feet toward the car, 125 feet above the ground, playing out the rope that was attached to the tower. He did not dare climb onto the roof for fear his weight would send the car down, so he hung from the bike.

"I saw that the people inside were really nervous, but they were calm," said Nelson. "I spoke to them matter-of-factly and I said, 'O.K., I'm going to do some things and we need your help. I'll explain to you what's going to happen, and

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"If you have any questions when I'm finished, ask me." He explained that the rope (which tested at 5,000 pounds) would be passed through the car, cut one window and back in another, and would have to be tied around the center pole in the car. "Can any of you tie a secure knot—a bowline?" asked Nelson. None of the six was sure he could, so Nelson said, "Just tie the knot into itself, O.K.?" He recalled, "There was a bearded guy who said he knew how to do that. So we got the rope through there, O.K., and secured it to the cable. The rope was strong enough to hold the car, but we didn't know whether it might be cut. So we also snaked the chain down the cable, wrapped it through the car a couple of times and snatch-hooked it. It was cumbersome, but now they were perfectly secure."

Nelson climbed onto the roof of the car, opened the hatch and had the six occupants throw to the ground an evacuation string that was stowed under a seat. A patrolman on the ground tied a length of line and a small diaperlike harness to the string, and the occupants of the car pulled this up to the gondola. Then they handed the evacuation line to Nelson on top of the car, who attached it to the cable with carabiners. One end of the line was dropped to the ground again and the evacuation seat was attached to the other end. One at a time, the passengers climbed into the seat and, with two patrolmen on the ground belaying the rope, were lowered slowly to safety below. It took about 15 minutes to evacuate Car 67. When the last pale and shaken occupant was assisted out of the evacuation seat, a smattering of weak but happy applause could be heard from the passengers in the four or five cars hanging nearby.

Now evacuation teams of patrolmen went to work in earnest up and down the line of Gondola II. Chupa Nelson stayed aloft to tackle the car next to No. 67. Five other patrolmen shouldered their gear and climbed other towers, glided down cables on their bikes, and began the long and exhausting process of bringing down 170 more anxious prisoners from 30 gondola cars.

There were no cases of hysteria, no stories of people refusing to go, nor were there any injuries. One skier calmly told Chupa Nelson, "I am terrified. I can't

make myself drop over the edge of the car. Please, when you think I'm ready, just give me a slight shove. I know I'll be all right, but I need some help getting out." "They were hungry as hell and there were a lot of them with wet pants," John Murphy said.

Some skiers were trapped in their cars for more than six hours. But the last man was evacuated at 4:15 p.m., long before darkness fell.

The only near-crisis came when a press helicopter hovered just above the cables, its blast of downwash causing the gondola cars to sway. After frantic attempts by the rescue teams to wave it away and to contact it by radio, the chopper finally flew off.

As the passengers reached the ground, ski instructors served them food and drink. After their skins were lowered, the evacuees were given a choice of skiing down or riding down in cars. Ninety percent chose to ski to the bottom.

An hour or so after the last skier was rescued, a lone patrolman started down from Eagle's Nest. He carried a bullhorn. The sun was beginning to set and the mountain was empty of skiers. He skied to a point beneath the first dangling car and shouted up through the bullhorn, asking if there was anyone left inside. There was no answer. This eerie act was repeated again and again all the way down the mountain. There was no answer from any car. By the time the patrolman had reached the bottom of Gondola II, it was almost dark. The day was over.

In the aftermath of the accident, a number of things happened. The next morning Gary Wall, the young police chief of Vail, went to the mountain and spent most of the day investigating the possibility of sabotage on the cable. "I hung out over the tower looking for something—anything—a cold chisel mark, any evidence at all that something criminal had taken place. There was nothing." Vail Associates hired consulting firms to examine the cable and find what caused it to fray. The State of Colorado Passenger Tramway Safety Board, which has jurisdiction over all ski lifts in Colorado, had an engineer do the same thing. The Tramway Board engineer and the investigators hired by Vail arrived at the same conclusion three months later: the

sheathing strands on the cable had probably been weakened by sirexes that were a result of a design flaw in the original placement of the towers on Gondola II. To correct this flaw, Vail Associates eventually spent \$2 million on Gondola II. Since the same flaw was said to be present in Gondola I, the company decided to remove that gondola and install new, faster chair lifts at a cost of \$1 million. Testing on Gondola II began on Nov. 22 and it is scheduled to open in mid-December. Two new chair lifts have replaced Gondola I.

Steve Meoli of Wayland, Mass., died suddenly and unexpectedly two days after he had been transferred to St. Anthony's Hospital. The cause of death was the rupture of the major blood vessel leading from his heart. He had been cheerful, even answering questions for newsmen, immediately after the accident. The following day he complained he had no feeling in his right leg, then in both legs. A huge bruise began forming on his chest. He went into surgery. He died early on Sunday morning.

Carol Pasterkamp, who had nearly lost her right arm and suffered a monumental concussion, has begun to learn to write with her right hand again. For several months after the accident, she could remember nothing that had occurred to her for two days before the car fell and nothing for two weeks afterward. Her minister, her father and her mother told her repeatedly that her sister Janice had died, but she did not entirely grasp the gravity of the information until one day in the middle of June when she began to weep. Other victims have had recurrences of pain from their injuries. But none was paralyzed, which is amazing considering the large number of spinal injuries, the kind of terrain and the distance each victim had to be carried over before reaching fully equipped hospital facilities at the bottom of the mountain.

It has been reported that nine lawsuits have been filed against Vail Associates, three of which also cite Bell Engineering of Switzerland, which was involved in the design and construction of Gondola II. They are said to be in the amount of \$20.2 million. Separately, Ira Potashner is suing Vail and Bell jointly for \$30 million. Legal action will likely continue for years.

END



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

BASKETBALL'S RANK AND FILE

Sir:

A college basketball fan living in Indianapolis surely feels at home after reading your Top 20 rankings (Nov. 29). Seven of the first 15 teams are within a five-hour drive of our fair city. Your only error lies in the fact that you failed to locate the No. 1 team one hour south of Indianapolis, in Bloomington, instead of five hours north, in Ann Arbor, Mich.

ROBERT C. HOAGLAND
Indianapolis

Sir:

How could you possibly rank Indiana 13th, among such unknowns as DePaul, Washington State and Georgetown? Kent Benson will dominate college basketball.

SCOTT DURHAM
Mount Vernon, Ind.

Sir:

You really blew it this time. Ranking Marquette No. 8 can only prove an embarrassment to SI.

MIKE CORON
Watertown, Wis.

Sir:

Need I remind you that at the beginning of the 1971-72 and 1974-75 seasons you had the UCLA Bruins No. 4 in the nation, as you have done this year, and that in both cases UCLA ended up as NCAA champion?

A. JAMES HUMPHREYS
Redmond, Wash.

Sir:

You neglected to include Alabama. The Tide is making waves this season.

FRED ASHE
Purdue, Ind.

Sir:

How could you leave out Notre Dame?

JEFF FORO
Albuquerque

HOCKEY'S PROBLEMS

Sir:

My sincere thanks to Peter Gammons for telling it like it is in professional hockey (*A Matter of Dollars and Sense*, Nov. 29)—not that hockey enthusiasts aren't aware of the overpriced tickets, the overpaid players and the boring games. It's just nice to see that the NHL Board of Governors is finally going to try to deal with the situation and, I hope, make the necessary changes. Now if only the other major sports bodies would do the same.

RICHARD DOHERTY
Lynn, Mass.

Sir:

It is ironic that National Hockey League executives now admit a need for rivalries. But more than rivalries, the NHL needs equality

within its divisions. Why not drop the altitudes of geographical grouping (it barely exists under the current structure anyway) and adopt a four-tiered system similar to that used in European soccer leagues? Put the four or five best teams in Division I, the next-best clubs in Division II and so forth. Design the schedule so that teams play their divisional rivals more often than the other teams. At the end of the year, the bottom team in each division would be replaced by the top team in the division below it.

As for the playoffs, there is no viable reason why more than eight teams—the division champions plus the next four leaders on points—should play for the Stanley Cup.

JOHN JAY WILKINS
Cranbury, N.J.

Sir:

Your article states that a man was "shot to death in the Olympia parking lot after a tennis match two weeks ago." The fact is that following a tennis match at Olympia Stadium a man was shot to death in a parking lot near Olympia, but the lot was in no way owned, operated or controlled by Olympia Stadium.

Inaccuracies relating to this regrettable incident (the first such in the 50-year history of Olympia) have created the impression that the parking lots controlled by Olympia Stadium are unsafe. I would appreciate anything you can do to correct the assumption that the parking lot where the incident occurred was operated by Olympia Stadium.

ART WHALEN
Assistant General Manager
Olympia Stadium
Detroit

BASEBALL'S WATERLOO?

Sir:

Thank you for your fine article on baseball's million-dollar sweepstakes (*Cashing in Their Tickets*, Nov. 22). You summed it all up when you said that the fans will be the first to pay. I for one will no longer pay exorbitant prices to see a few superstars become super rich.

DAVID DORN
Beaver Dam, Wis.

Sir:

My hat is off to Bob Howsam, Sparky Anderson and the rest of the Cincinnati Reds organization who refused to be drawn into the bidding for free agents. It is impossible to say the same about the New York Yankees.

DICK THATCHER
Mount Vernon, Ohio

Sir:

You list the New York Mets as a team that does not care if it signs any of the free agents

Maybe M. Donald Grant should start to care, before Met fans cease to care.

JEFF SHAPIRO
Bayonne, N.J.

Sir:

Baseball has gone from one extreme to the other in regard to players' freedom. If it is going to remain the nation's favorite pastime, it will have to find a middle ground that will suit the players, the owners and, most of all, the fans.

RICK ENTWISTLE
Sioux Falls, S.D.

ANOTHER VIEW OF SOUTH AFRICA

Sir:

While Peter Hawthorne did an admirable job describing the "progress" in sport in South Africa (*A Few Cracks at the Racial Barrier*, Nov. 22), what is desired is non-racial sport, not multiracial sport. Multiracial sport pits one race against another. Non-racial sport is anybody playing for any team.

But the greatest omission in the article is any mention of the much-bated Homeland and Bantustan scheme currently being carried out by the white South African government. This means that each of the nine major African tribes, some 18 million people, is slowly being disenfranchised through phony independence, of which the Transkei is the first example. This is like the U.S. Government telling members of each Indian tribe that they no longer are Americans, whether they like it or not. The end result of this South African policy, if it is allowed to continue, is that eventually there will be no black South Africans. How can South Africa field a mixed team if there are no black South Africans?

ARTHUR R. ASHE
Washington, D.C.

THE ADVANTAGES OF LLAMAS

Sir:

In the article about Richard and Kay Patterson's llama ranch (*What a Lovely Beast Is a Llama*, Nov. 22), you extolled the riches and virtues of Oregon and noted that llamas are ideally suited to the environment of Oregon. You failed, however, to point out another tremendous advantage that llamas have. Their long necks enable them to keep their heads above the water that normally stands over the whole State of Oregon nine months out of the year.

C. ANDREW NASHBORG
Coos Bay, Ore.

NOMINATIONS (CONT.)

Sir:

Is it time when overpaid, loudmouth, unloyal athletes, coaches and owners have become ubiquitous. I think your Sportsman of

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the Year award should go to someone who is a credit to the world of sport and to all associated with it. I would consider it a great injustice if one of the following people did not win the late Tom Yawkey, Dorothy Hamill, John Naber, Bruce Jenner, Walter Absten, Dave Cowens, George Foster

DOUG LAMSTER
Jacksonville

Sir
Bob Lurie. He kept the Giants in San Francisco with hard work and determination

JOE VALERI
Novato, Calif

Sir
Arnold (Red) Auerbach

RONALD GRAVITZ
Baltimore

Sir
Jimmy Connors. He has proved how good a sportsman he can be and is

GLENN BRAVERMAN
Natick, Mass

Sir
George Foreman

GREG HEAKES
White Rock, British Columbia

Sir
Ken Norton

MIKE WOODFORD
Fall Creek, Wis

Sir
Joe Morgan

MIKE CHLARDOT
Toluca Lake, Calif

Sir
Boschermbecher

JIM ZAKEM
LES FISHERMAN
St. Louis

Sir
The masters of the unexpected: the Mississippi Tigers

DON SCHAPIER
Kirkwood, Mo

Sir
I am not an avid stock car racing fan but Richard Petty has risen to the top of this sport and stayed there. I believe it is time Petty received his due

J. EARLY REIFER
Charleston, S.C

Sir
Wilhe Shoemaker

BILL SWAIN
San Mateo, Calif

BROOKLYN'S WAY

Sir
John Papasek's story on football at Brooklyn College 10/6 Subways and Salami, Nov 2/23 couldn't have been better. My undergraduate years at American University in Washington, D.C. were filled with many similar experiences, including a trip to the equally obscure Empire Bowl. Bus breakdowns, stolen equipment, lopsided scores and sparse crowds were commonplace. However, after the open-

continued

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1978 HOLE continued

ing kickoff the potholes in a 40-year-old field
faded in importance, and for three hours on
a Saturday afternoon we were Joe Namath
and John Doe wrapped up in one.

I was never scouted by the pros, but for
me football was fun. Three years of law school
hasn't dimmed my enthusiasm for those unsophisticated days. Thanks for the memories.

BALCE P. HILDOCK
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

It was refreshing to read of a group of guys
who play football for the sport of it and who
can win despite a shortage of cash. Here in an-
other Manhattan, the home of Kansas State,
we spend large sums of money only to lose.
There must be a moral there somewhere.

R. F. DRAKE
Manhattan, Kans.

Sir:

To work and attend school at the same time
can be a hassle, but to also play football and
do as well as the Brooklynites are doing un-
der such adverse conditions is monumental.

As Tom (Z) Zahralian said, having played
college football and 50¢ may get you on the
subway. In any opinion, the experience of
playing football at Brooklyn College is worth
much, much more. The coaches and team
have my deepest respect.

F. J. KUMARA
Midland, Pa.

Sir:

That was one of the funniest stories I've
read in a long time. In an age when college
football is taken all too seriously, John Pa-
panek did an excellent job of depicting some
of the less grim aspects.

GREGG EILERS
Pulman, Wash.

Sir:

First time I ever read a story twice.

LOUIS BUNNICK
Reefburg, N.J.

TAKE A RETRIEVER

Sir:

An item in SCORECARD (Nov. 15) remind-
ed me that on several occasions, while hunt-
ing pheasant in South Dakota and ducks in
Ohio, I have taken a limit with my Labrador
and never fired a shot. The moral is that ev-
ery hunting party, particularly of duck hunt-
ers, should be required to have at least one
capable retriever. Year after year, as many
ducks are left mortally hurt in the marshes as
are taken home because a retrieving dog was
not used. Is it not about time that the con-
servativists and legislators woke up to this
fact?

DICK SWEET
Pittsburgh

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